

PRO FOOTBALL

Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 16, 1974 60 CENTS

O. J. SIMPSON



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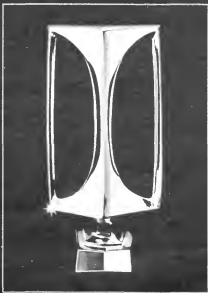
The Panasonic RE-8585. It's one of our Series 44 systems. But it's also all the reasons you need to enjoy 4-channel now.



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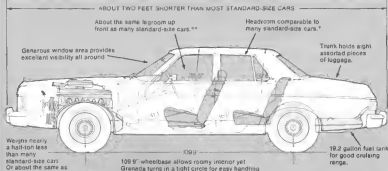
The new Ford Granada Coming Sept. 27

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cars with innovation and value, built to back a challenge:
The closer you look, the better we look.



Ford Granada.

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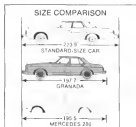
**Comparisons made to 1974 cars.

At your Ford Dealer Sept. 27

The design:

Ford Granada is designed to help deal with such problems as inflated prices, increased fuel costs and crowded roads. It's about two feet shorter—and half a ton lighter—than most standard-size cars, for excellent gas mileage. Yet Granada is built solid—about the size and weight of the Mercedes 280. With family-size room and comfort.

The Granada design makes generous use of glass for good visibility. It provides ample front and rear headroom, and a trunk large enough to hold eight assorted pieces of luggage. Door openings are built wide for easy front and rear seat entry.



The economics:

Granada's trim design helps reduce needless weight and excessive fuel consumption.

It comes with gas-saving steel-belted radial ply tires that give you excellent tread wear. Chassis lubes are scheduled just once every 30,000 miles. Granada has a solid-state ignition system for less scheduled maintenance than former systems.

The basic Granada 200 CID engine is economical and easy to maintain. Along with the optional 250 CID Six (required in Calif.) and V-8's (302 and 351 CID) it is precisely balanced to resist vibrations that can cause wear.

Ford Granada—What You Get

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- Good 250 CID (required in Calif.) 3 speed in-line motor. Front disc brakes. Solid or split in-line wheel covers. Reclining seats. D-cup cut pile carpeting. Burled woodline instrument panel, and more.
- Granada Ghia models offer even more standard, including a 250 CID Six. Odense grain vinyl roof. Deluxe wheel covers. Convenient map pockets. Quartz crystal digital clock. And many more features your Ford Dealer can tell you about.



1975 Ford Granada Ghia. 250 CID, 3 speed, 40p.

The comforts:

Granada offers a lot of pure driving pleasure. Contoured front seats recline and adjust in more than 100 positions for individual comfort. The instrument panel, with its handsome hured wood-tone, is recessed to add to front passenger comfort.

Controls are within easy reach. The plush cut-pile carpeting is molded for smoothness and is stain resistant. And weatherseal around doors and windows helps cut wind noise—adding to Granada's quiet ride.

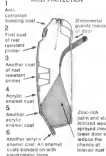
The construction:

Granada is put together to stay together. The entire body structure is precisely designed to minimize road vibration. Sophisticated machines hold body parts in tight alignment as they are welded into a solid unit. Brake discs and drums are statically balanced to help reduce wear on critical parts.

And to help protect against rust, Granada's body is covered with 13 lbs

of primer and baked enamel. The electrostatic painting process used by Ford helps give Granada a lustrous, durable finish.

CROSS SECTION OF GRANADA DOOR SHOWS 6 LAYERS OF RUST PROTECTION



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Gas-saving steel-belted radials for better handling than bias-ply tires.

On September 27 your Ford Dealer introduces his new 1975 Ford. Automobiles built with a high level of quality and value—in every size, from small

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FORD GRANADA

FORD DIVISION



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Sometimes it pays to take a little garbage.

For more information write: Tinplate Producers, American Iron and Steel Institute, 1000 16th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

...and cleans up in the bargain.



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Valvoline Oil Company Ashland, Ky.  Division of Ashland Oil, Inc.

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Next week

IN THIS CORNER George Foreman, and in the other, Muhammad Ali. Tex Maule sizes them up as they get ready to do battle in Zaire's multimillion-dollar title fight.

BLACK QUARTERBACK Joe Gilliam, who led the Steelers to victory in all their exhibition games and won a starting job, opens the season against the Colts. Roy Blount Jr. reports.

SPEED WITH STYLE was the byword of auto racer Peter Revson. Excerpts from a new book capture the highlights in the last year of the life of a man who had plenty to live for.

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BOOKTALK

An updated baseball encyclopedia is less encyclopedic than the original

One of baseball's fascinations is that it is simultaneously a game of inexpressible beauty—try, for example, to put down in words the action, grace and style of a perfect double play—and cold, hard, meticulous statistics. No sport carries as much statistical baggage as baseball does and, as is by now well known, no sport offers its followers so many bizarre "all-time records."

The relationship between a true baseball fan and statistics is at least as much an obsession as a romance, so the cheers of gratitude could be heard from coast to coast when Macmillan published *The Baseball Encyclopedia* in the fall of 1969. Containing no less than 2,337 pages, it brought together in one hefty volume the records of every player who had ever swung a bat or thrown a pitch in the major leagues—or at least every player whom a computer could track down.

But *The Baseball Encyclopedia* only covered the game through the 1968 season and, needless to say, words of new statistics have been coined since then. So now Macmillan has come out with a revised and updated edition that includes the 1973 season and sells for the entirely reasonable price of \$17.95. The only trouble with the new encyclopedia is that it is considerably less encyclopedic than the original.

That is because, in the interests of economy, the full records of borderline players have been eliminated. People who had less than 25 at bats or pitched less than 25 innings and had no won-lost record have been reduced to a single, very fine line of print, unless they are still active. There are something on the order of 5,000 such unfortunate, so Macmillan has been able to get in all the 1969-73 records and trim the book to 1,532 pages at the same time.

All of which is fine, but readers who do not own the original should not think that the new edition is the real McCoy—it isn't. So far as I am concerned, it would have made more sense to handle the updating by issuing supplemental volumes every five years or so; they would be smaller, cheaper and would embellish, rather than tarnish, the splendid thoroughness of the original.

They probably could be sold for around \$5.95, which is what Grosvenor & Dunlap is charging for *The Sports Encyclopedia: Baseball*. It is a handsome, 478-page paperback that gives each player only one line of exceedingly compact career statistics but offers a wealth of other figures: season-by-season run-downs, divisional championship and World Series data, even a comparison of the performance of black, white and Latin players. For the price, it may well be a better buy than the revised encyclopedia—but nothing tops the original.

—RONALD H. YARDES



Kodak introduces the edge-to-edge slide sharpener.

Problem: Film in cardboard or plastic slide mounts will curve slightly at the center. So, the edges of your picture can be a little out of focus.

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SCORECARD

Edited by ANDREW CRICHTON

PORT, SALUT

The baseball season must not be allowed to pass without a final look at the Portland (Ore.) Mavericks, the Class A team managed by Frank (The Flake) Peters that acted its name and set records doing so (SCORECARD, Aug. 5).

The Mavericks came close, and might have been closer to the Northwest League title if one night Peters had not literally stolen first base to protest an umpire's decision and then heard the ump call a forfeit. Peters was well on the way to forfeiting the next day's game, too, when he produced the bag two minutes before starting time—autographed by all the Mavericks. Not good enough, the umpires felt, so Peters got on his hands and knees at home plate and scrubbed until the base passed muster.

Such shenanigans paid off. The Mavericks upped their record home attendance from 84,397 for 36 games to 100,224 for 35. They stole 246 bases (legitimately) in 84 games, topping their old mark of 184 in 80, and although they finished two games out in their four-team division, their 50-34 record was second best in the eight-team league.

Peters went to the beach at Columbia River before the season closer and thought and thought about a proper grand finale filip for the fans. Finally it came to him. He would suit up only nine players, and each would change position every inning until all had played everywhere. It was hell on the scorekeeper, but with their teammates cheering them on in the stands and partaking liberally of the concessions, the nine fell behind 6-1, then came on to win in the ninth 8-7, stealing five bases on the way. So who cares who's on first?

FOOL'S GOLD

*Things are seldom what they seem,
Six in milk masquerades as cream.*

—W. S. Gilbert

Over the past few years the sports-reading public has been fed a steady diet of

stories about athletes demanding and receiving multi-faceted, million-dollar contracts. In two instances to surface recently, the facts were sobering.

One involves John Matuszak, the giant tackle who was the NFL's No. 1 draft pick in 1973. If the stories printed at the time were to be believed, he had signed a four-year \$300,000 contract. Last week it was revealed in court that the Houston Oilers actually had signed Matuszak for a \$30,000 bonus plus a \$25,000 salary in 1973 and the possibility of \$25,000 more in bonuses. His salary was to go up \$5,000 in each of the next three years. Good pay, but not the sort to keep Elizabeth Taylor in diamonds.

The Houston Texans, who are trying to lure Matuszak away from the Oilers, reportedly offered him a five-year no-cut contract worth \$1 million. The fact: he would receive \$50,000 a year for five years.

Another who discovered there was more fiction than fat in highly publicized deals is Maurice Lucas, the exceptionally talented basketball player who had—and hopes yet to have—another year of eligibility at Marquette. Lucas became a "hardship case" last spring and began negotiating with the Chicago Bulls. They didn't offer enough to suit him, and now he is back hoping that he or Coach Al McGuire can persuade the NCAA to relax its rule prohibiting players who had signed hardship letters from returning to college ball, even if they were never paid a cent by the pros. His could be a harder lesson than Matuszak's.

FALL GUY (CONT.)

Mike King, the unflappable high diver who eluded a guard and leaped off a 220-foot building into 14 feet of water (SCORECARD, June 24), was at it again on Labor Day, this time for an official record. With some 2,000 looking on in Fort Lauderdale and Dick Mullins of the Swimming Hall of Fame checking an altimeter, he bailed out of a helicopter, sans parachute, 155 feet above the Lighthouse

Point Yacht Club basin, did a double reverse and plunged feet first into eight feet of water, surpassing the previous mark of 135 feet.

As before, King hurt himself—"Only a couple of cracked vertebrae," said his friend and publicist, Tom Noonan—yet he and Noonan were full of plans, including a possible leap from the Golden Gate Bridge. But what the fearless Noonan really wants to see is a dive from 10,000 to 15,000 feet. Both he and King believe it can be done. "Past 175 feet height is no factor," says King, who warns up for this sort of thing by teaching sky diving. "You reach your maximum speed of 120 feet per second at that point. The problem is to hit the water right. If you lose your concentration, you've had it."

OPEN SEASON

Some of those who were there claim the pheasants are still chuckling. Jimmy Breslin's gang should shoot so crookedly. It all happened in Warmbaths, South



Africa, not far north of Pretoria. Members of the Round Table, a service group along the lines of Rotary International, gathered at a local hostelry to plan strategy for the shoot. But let the *Rand Daily Mail* of Johannesburg tell it:

"In the past, the events have resulted in the thinning out of the local pheasant population. But last weekend it was the

enovid

hunters who got the bird. Shots were fired, more shots were fired, but still no pheasants fell.

"Another shot rang out and an anguished cry met the hunters' ears. Mr. Dennis McCord, a local farmer, had sustained a wound. A little later, another shot brought a second anguished yell—this time from a hunter who stopped a bullet [sic] in his back. To crown the day's hunting ignominy, a third member of the party broke his leg."

Well, it's one way to thin out the local human population.

WHAT THE DEUCE?

Associated Press dispatches we never finished reading: "Forest Hills, N.Y. The ILTF and the ATP have come up with a marriage that has produced an offspring called MIPFC."

FIGHTING ALTERNATIVE

Thirty years ago that craftiest of boxing promoters, Mike Jacobs, prophesied that the future of the sport would be in bouts staged in TV studios. "I thought the idea was laughable then," says Sam Silverman, one of the last of the old-guard promoters. "Not now."

The cause for Silverman's change of heart was the audience reception in the Boston area to two studio fight programs he staged for WNAC-TV. The first, in April, was a mixed weight double bill and had an Arbitron rating of 36 $\frac{1}{2}$. The second, which he put on last week, pitted Sugar Ray Seales, the only U.S. boxing gold medalist at the Munich Olympics in '72, against Marvin Hagler, the New England welterweight champion. The bout captured 25 $\frac{1}{2}$ of the television audience.

The idea for the fights originated with Eddie Ardelman of the innovative and sometimes outrageous radio show, *Sports Hubble* (SI, Sept. 4, 1972). Channel 7 General Manager Jim Coppersmith reluctantly went along the first time, but after the good rating did not have to be talked into a second go. Seales had won 17 of his 21 fights by knockouts. Hagler had won 17 straight, 15 by KOs. A capacity crowd of 225, paying an average \$15 a ticket, arrived at the high-ceilinged, subbasement of the WNAC studio and howled itself hoarse as the clever Seales mistakenly chose to slug it out with the muscular Hagler. He wound up with a bloodied nose and the bad end of the decision.

The real winner was WNAC-TV. "I've had calls from stations all over the country, and they all want to know how you put on a show like ours," Coppersmith said. Two fights do not a trend make, but they do seem to indicate that there is something out there besides Zaïre.

EVERYBODY'S DOING IT

The pros are not the only football players who have had strike on their minds lately. According to Charlie Schuhmann, a UCLA running back who has talked with players at other schools, "Within five years there will be some form of protest among college football players unless we get more money to live on." That, or a lot more money under the table.

The problem, Schuhmann says, is to live on \$131 a month, the maximum allowed by the Pacific Eight Conference. "It's not so bad during the regular football season when we have a training table. But there is no training table during spring drills. I've seen players come to practice who are eating only one meal a day—a 29¢ McDonald's hamburger and a Coke—because that's all the food they can afford."

Schuhmann's coach, Dick Vermeil, and Athletic Director J. D. Morgan agree something should be done. Morgan suggests raising NCAA limits on scholarship benefits. "With today's inflated dollars, I don't think they're realistic," he says. Says Schuhmann, "I think we are going to have to have some kind of study. I'm not saying I've ever seen under-the-table money, but I am sure it exists and will continue to grow as the money problems continue."

Not a very comforting thought for college presidents who are beginning to wonder who will pay for the next shipment of football cleats.

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA

Which makes one wonder what the rationale is at Baptist Christian College of Shreveport, La. BCC has an enrollment of 174 men and 36 women, yet there are men's basketball and baseball teams and 30 men are on football scholarships, meaning almost one-third the male population is jock. Last year the school's total budget was \$164,000; the football allotment for 1974 is \$50,000. BCC played 1974's first college football game in 46,500-seat State Fair Stadium. The Little School With Big Ideas, as BCC calls itself, lost to Southern State College

of Magnolia, Ark. 40-0. Fewer than 500 attended.

BASS MASTER

When he is not harpooning men's souls, the Reverend Henry S. Rabb likes nothing better than to pull in smallmouth bass. Minister of the Second United Church of Christ in Harrisburg, Pa., Rabb estimates that in the 25 or so years he has fished the Susquehanna River he has hosted a flock of bass—maybe 15,000—putting his faith in a South Bend Midg-Oreno plug, perch colored, with which, he says, "You can do it all."

For those who need further instruction, Rev. Rabb has written his own version of the Ten Commandments, one, considering his records, that has to be more sacrilegious than sacrilegious. Written for the Susquehanna, they apply almost anywhere. They are, in summary: fish the river with an expert; fish from a canoe in order to get over shallow places and into waters seldom fished; take a good supply of South Bend Midg-Orenos, remember that the week before a full moon is when the bass are most active; respect *micropterus dolomieu's* fighting spirit and use no less than eight-pound monofilament; do not bait fish, or fish on a windy day, or when the river is high and muddy or with careless or unpleasant companions; "lest thou end up in the water with the bass." And, of course, go to church.

THEY SAID IT

- Don Maynard, Houston Texan receiver: "I was 12 years old before I realized my name wasn't 'Git Wood.'"
- Rick Forzano, Detroit Lions coach, after a 28-7 exhibition game loss to Buffalo in which O.J. Simpson gained 116 yards and scored two touchdowns in less than three quarters: "That Number 32, Simpson I guess it is. Well, he looked more like Simpson than Simpson, and we looked like Delilah."
- Horst Muhlmann, German-born Cincinnati Bengal placekicker, forgetting that his boss, Paul Brown, is on the National Football League Rules Committee: "The people who charged the rules must have been some kind of super-idiot professors who have never been on a football field."
- Charlie Ford, former Chicago Bear cornerback, now with the Philadelphia Eagles: "The only game balls I ever got in Chicago I stole." **END**

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BATTLE OF THE AGES

It was hardly a titanic struggle, but by mowing down 39-year-old Ken Rosewall in straight sets at Forest Hills, just as he did at Wimbledon, 22-year-old Jimmy Connors proved he was a spectacular champion **by JOE JARES**

Perhaps it is time for all of us to seriously consider the merits of blowing on our fingers before serving, of bouncing the ball on the turf—one, two, three, four times—of staring absently at the ground and with hostility at opponents. Maybe we should all hold the racket in our left hands, wear Prince Valiant haircuts, scream at linesmen and clown a bit when the mood strikes you. Do whatever Jimmy Connors does. Because whatever he does works, as it did again last week at Forest Hills.

Here was Connors, facing 39-year-old Ken Rosewall for the second time in two months—finals, grass, major championship—a sassy 22-year-old rebel vs. a tennis legend, a man who had won at Forest Hills in 1956 when Connors was four. In their first meeting, at Wimbledon in early July, Connors won in straight sets, allowing Rosewall only six games. Impressive? You bet. But Rosewall had just beaten John Newcombe and Stan Smith back to back. He was tired. Not a fair test.

Now they were at it again, and for those who doubted his ability Jimmy Connors proved he is quite a tennis player. He crushed Ken Rosewall 6-1, 6-0, 6-1, the most lopsided final in the history of Forest Hills and surely Rosewall's worst defeat since he learned to hit a backhand.

For Connors the U.S. Open capped a tremendous year in which he won the Australian Open, Wimbledon and all but

three of his other matches. He might have won the Grand Slam, but he was not allowed to play in the French Open because he was "tainted" by team tennis.

The Connors-Rosewall match could have been high drama. Connors has a devastating serve, but throughout the rain-prolonged tournament Rosewall had proved that he was still capable of taking anything hit at him and whipping it cross-court or down the line, bringing up chalk as often as not.

But not against Connors. The first set was over in a flash, Connors making Rosewall look like a middle-aged club player. It would have been delightful if the old pro had come back to make a match of it, as he has so often. There was no way. Connors wiped him out in one hour and eight minutes. Connors' return of serve was so devastating that Rosewall won only 19 points on his serve in the whole match.

"The best tennis I've ever played in my life, all 22 years of it," exulted Connors. "I didn't miss a ball."

Didn't he at any time have pity on the old man across the net?

"I've seen people pity Ken Rosewall and then see him win 6-3 in the fifth," answered the now-undisputed No. 1 player in the world.

The Billie Jean King-Evonne Goolagong women's finals was far more entertaining. Goolagong, a beautiful player on grass, has seldom beaten King—the notable exception being 1971 when she won

Wimbledon as a 19-year-old. On Monday Goolagong took the first set 6-3, dropped the second by the same score and looked in great shape when she went ahead 3-0 in the third, but although she broke King's serve again she could not hold her own serve (lack of a strong service in many ways makes women's tennis more interesting than men's, especially on grass). King broke to go ahead 6-5 and held her own serve for the match. Just as Connors had done, she threw her racket high in the air.

At that moment in the glass-enclosed press box, Connors' manager, Bill Riordan, was talking about a challenge match in Madison Square Garden, between Jimmy and a man he has never played, another old Aussie named Rod Laver. And in the tradition of the late golfer Tony Lema bottles of champagne were popped open for the press, courtesy of the new champ.

For the woman who will become Mrs. Connors in November, it was not such an effervescent occasion. Chris Evert, with her lovely feminine way of moving, her impeccable grooming and her impeccable ground strokes, was seeded first, just like Jimmy, and it seemed possible that Forest Hills would have a "love-bird double" to match their twin victories at Wimbledon. Evert had won 56

continued

Rosewall served notice he could still beat most players; Connors was the exception.





For King, it was her sixth final in 10 years.

FOREST HILLS continued

matches in a row (her last loss was to King indoors in March) and was the leading female money winner in the world (\$157,500) this year. True, she had never beaten Goolagong or King on grass, but she had won Wimbledon, indicating that perhaps she had learned to live with it. She had not even lost a set since Wimbledon, although that statistic lost a little gloss when one realized that most of the best women players were either pregnant (Margaret Court) or off playing team tennis (King, Goolagong, Nancy Gunter, etc.)

Evert swept easily through her first three Forest Hills rounds, losing only eight games and no sets, until she ran into Australia's Lesley Hunt. It was Hunt who gave Chris her toughest match at Wimbledon and now she was at it again. In the first set she forced Chris into a tie breaker and took a formidable 4-1 lead—one point from victory. But Evert won

four straight points to take the first set and crushed Hunt in the second 6-3. There were some boos and heckling from the grandstand, but Evert, no longer the darling "Chrissie" of three years ago, merely pursed her lips and hung in.

"I heard a couple of comments like 'Evert, you're a bad sport,'" she said (omitting such nastier gibes as "Evert, you stink"). "I'm not used to that. Jimmy might be, but I'm not."

Then came a more serious problem. Evert would have to beat Goolagong and probably King on grass—such as it was—to prove herself the absolute No. 1 woman player in the world. She had played Goolagong only once in 1974, losing on grass in Australia in January, dropping the third set 6-0.

Goolagong had come through the middle of the draw with ease, and in the first set against Evert, she made her fifth seeding look ridiculous, allowing Chris only nine points and winning 6-0. Goolagong was leading 4-3 in the second—and on a service break—when rain forced play to be suspended. Fans remembered that in Evert's tough match with Hunt at Wimbledon a downpour had interrupted play and Evert had come back strong to win the next day. This time it was two days later (soggy grounds caused cancellation of all matches Saturday), and the battle did not end until 47 hours and 18 minutes after it started.

Evert continued to have difficulty holding serve, but so did Goolagong and the second set was forced into a tie breaker, which Evert won 5-3 to take the set 7-6. Could Evert come back to win the match? Not quite. She staved off four match points but finally fell 6-0, 6-7, 6-3. She had held service only three times in the entire match.

There was some consolation for Evert, of course—\$10,800 in prize money, plus a "bouncing check," a negotiable check for \$35,000 written on a tennis ball for "excellence of performance in the four major tennis competitions, Australian, French, All-England and U.S. Open." And she was relieved to have her winning streak end, as perhaps Joe DiMaggio was in 1941 when his consecutive-game hitting streak ended at the same number, 56.

Billie Jean King, fresh from a summer of coaching and playing for the Philadelphia Freedoms of World Team Tennis, seemed pleased to be out in the sunshine getting a red nose again, or even in

the rain getting her hair wet. She seemed in no way annoyed at being seeded second behind Evert. Mother Freedom's major scare en route to the final was a miserable first set in the semis against Julie Heldman who, aided by the heat and the effects of some medication King was taking, had beaten her in last year's Open. After losing the first set to Heldman, King woke up and won rather easily 2-6, 6-3, 6-1.

As the most vociferous spokesperson for team tennis (and almost any other cause you can name), King was tickled that five of the eight semifinalists (herself, Goolagong, Connors, Rosewall and Newcombe) came out of WTT, puncturing the notion that team tennis is woefully poor preparation for a major tournament. Not only that, all four of the finalists were from WTT.

Among the men, a number of new faces—and backstrokes and serves—attracted attention. Argentina's Guillermo Vilas justified his ninth seeding by reaching the fourth round before losing in straight sets to Arthur Ashe. Hungary's Balazs Taroczy, owner of a fine flat-top-spin backhand and forceful serve, forced Jan Kodes to five sets in the third round. Victor Amaya lost in the first round to Sweden's teen-age whiz, Bjorn Borg (who subsequently was beaten by India's

It turned out Evert is still allergic to grass.



Vijay Amritraj), but got lots of notice, perhaps because not many 6'7" part-Arapaho Indians win the Big Ten championship and play at Forest Hills. But the young man who drew the most attention was Roscoe Tanner, 22, from Lookout Mountain, Tenn., and later, Big Canoe, Ga.

Now, a fellow named Roscoe from places like Lookout Mountain and Big Canoe has to play tennis in his bare feet, right? Of course not. Lookout Mountain happens to be a prosperous suburb of Chattanooga, Big Canoe is a fashionable resort Tanner used to represent, and Tanner himself is a Stanford graduate, the son of a lawyer. He was a fine college player, traveled the World Championship Tennis circuit last year, partnered Ashe in doubles and reached the fourth round at Wimbledon before losing a four-setter to Rosewall.

Tanner is a lefthander with an awesome serve. He throws the ball up so low and swings his racket so quickly that it seems he is hitting it right out of his hand. "Hitting bombs" is the way Connors describes it, although Tanner himself says Colin Dibley of Australia has a much harder serve. Tanner is six feet tall, and he thinks his modest height is an advantage because his cannonball zooms at the receiver from a lower angle and the poor victim has less time to judge its velocity, direction, etc. That serve and his rapidly improving volleys and ground strokes took Tanner to some astonishing comebacks at Forest Hills.

In the second round he was down two sets to England's Roger Taylor and came back to win. He was down two sets to the Rumanian clown Ilie Nastase and came back to win. It took him five sets to beat Ismail El Shafie of Egypt, who had been the upset star of Wimbledon. The quarters should have been the end of him, for there he met another big server, Stan Smith, America's co-No. 1. Instead, Tanner won in four sets over the No. 3 seed, whom he had never beaten.

Tanner's end came in the semis against Connors, with whom he "grew up in the juniors." His ground strokes and volleys were not as sharp as they were against Smith (no doubt Connors' bulletlike shots had something to do with it) and his serves were not the "bombs" Connors had seen explode all week. The result was a 7-6, 7-6, 6-4 Connors win.

Connors had fought his way through a fairly tough draw himself. The week-

end before the Open started he had to forfeit the final of the warmup tournament at South Orange because he was ill with food poisoning. Tournament Director Bill Talbert delayed his opening-round match a day, "not because he's the No. 1 seeded player but because it would be the human thing to do for any player who became ill and because it doesn't matter too much so early in the tournament." Humpf, snorted the Connors critics, would Talbert have done that for Teimuraz Kakulia or Belus Prajoux or jolly Jean Caujolle?

Connors' first match was against Jeff Borowiak, who played ahead of him on the UCLA varsity. Jimmy won the first two sets handily, but was tiring in the third and trailing 5-3 when rain interrupted play. Connors had tea with lemon during the unscheduled break and came back to win 6-3, 6-4, 3-6, 7-5. After that Kodes and Alex Metreveli forced him to four sets, but he never seemed to be in danger. He just kept blowing on his left hand and blowing incredibly powerful ground strokes right through the gut of his opponents' rackets.

"The weather today was Wimbledon weather," Connors said after dispatching Borowiak. "I don't mind it. I'm loose now. I just enjoy it out there. I play the game the way it should be played."

It seemed likely that Australia's John Newcombe would be Connors' opponent in the final. Playing in a pink shirt—his lucky color—he worked his way to the semis, getting a tough match from his longtime doubles partner, Tony Roche, and a bit of a scare in the quarters from Ashe on a grandstand court in such sorry shape that Newcombe suggested Raul Ramirez of Mexico had just fought a bull on it. Newk, as even some umpires call him, beat Ashe in five sets. After that it did not look like anything or anybody would stop him from being the first man since Neale Fraser (1959-60) to win Forest Hills twice in a row.

"John was very disappointed at Wimbledon," said his friend Roche. "You could tell by the way he acted, the way he looked. I think he's probably a little hungrier than most. He'll be up."

Newcombe's opponent in the semifinals was the same fellow Sydneyite who knocked him out at Wimbledon, Rosewall. "I wish he'd get old," said Newcombe before the match, but it seems that the great backstroke artist is going to be playing and winning for at least another



Boogalooing canceled the Jimmy-Christie show.

decade. And surely it did not hurt Rosewall that he had two days rest after beating Amritraj in four sets Thursday.

Newcombe started off serving nicely, slipped a bit at the end of the first set and got tangled in a tie breaker, which he won 5-3. But from there on it was downhill, as Rosewall took three straight sets, including another tie breaker. The fans loved it, giving Rosewall a standing ovation when he won his tie breaker.

After the victory over Newcombe, Rosewall was asked what it felt like to be an institution, to never grow old. He smiled politely, although he has heard all the jokes about his age and his wealth before.

"I wonder how much longer it's going to last," he said. "I'm playing the type of tennis that will win a lot of matches. I'm still putting my game on the line, just like everybody else."

And on Monday he put it on the line against Jimmy Connors. The ageless wonder against the brash youth. **END**

'WE SHOULD RUN ONE MORE TEST'

All steamed up and aimed at immortality, the Sky-Cycle fired. But so did the parachutes—and the great canyon jump fizzled out on the rocks below

by ROBERT F. JONES

The scenario could not have been more perfect if the star himself had written it—and many will say he did. The day was bell bright, the tension was nearly unbearable and magnificently orchestrated and the drama was of the highest order. Only the trajectory was low. Put them all together and they spell failure. Ah, but what a nifty failure, just the kind to generate another few million bucks the next time Evel Knievel sets out to conquer the Snake River Canyon.

Technologically, of course, it was the anticlimax of the decade. But who ever said that daredevils must always succeed? Sure, the sourpusses and literalists who ranted about ripoffs all through the months of buildup to Evel's big jump now have plenty more to grumble about during the months to come. But the plain fact is that Evel's failure to clear the canyon was far more exciting than a letter-perfect leap could ever have been.

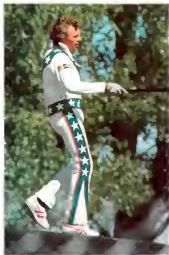
After all, daredevilry is not like prize-fighting, where a rematch is often better than the original contest. If a daredevil falls totally, he is dead. If he succeeds, he can hardly generate much enthusiasm by mere repetition of his feat. But if he fails nobly—and only a little bit—that much more interest accrues to his next attempt. Whether Evel did it all on purpose or not is now beside the point: the truth remains that the "monster" he created out of whole cloth and hubris smiled upon him and was not slain.

All through the week that preceded The Great Leap Downward, Evel played his role to perfection. He was testy and gracious by turns, kindly to the common folk and wicked to the witless. Indeed, two days before the jump, Evel erupted like the Sky-Cycle's steam jet when an NBC television cameraman asked him to smile for the birds. The next day the NBC staff sported T-shirts with the motto: "I don't smile when I don't want to." It was a warning to the 130-odd newsmen who descended on Twin Falls, Idaho to cover the spectacle. Evel dominated them with his quirkiness like a master of foxhounds. His frequent press conferences were long on rhetoric and short on details—naturally enough, since what Evel communicates is a spirit far racier than lead-footed fact.

That spirit was evident in Twin Falls as the big day neared. Though there were plenty of straight types in sensible sedans gravitating toward the canyon, the influx was dominated by the roar of motorcycle engines. Gaudy choppers, burly hawgs, strident dirt bikes swept into town. It was Biker Heaven. The night air popped and sizzled to the sound of beer cans and two-stroke engines.

However, for all the national media interest in the jump, the actual attendance—both at the site and in the closed-circuit television outlets—was disap-

continued





Powering away but popping its chute too soon, Sky-Cycle carries Ever up, up and . . . down.

pointingly low. Though Top Rank, Inc., the major promoter of the show, was loath to release figures, an eyeball analysis of the canyon-side crowd produced an estimate of no more than 15,000 onlookers. Madison Square Garden, one of the largest of the TV sites, counted only 7,000—which is 12,000 short of capacity. Still, those who did turn up—on the spot, at least—were confirmed Evel freaks.

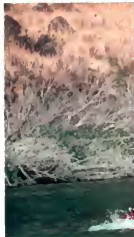
Temperatures under a cloudless sky rose to the 90s and an errant breeze from the Northwest kicked up fine tan grit that turned the canyon rim into a latter-day dust bowl. After an hour of dusting, everyone looked prematurely gray and spoke with an audible rasping of the molars. A beer crisis quickly developed.

Like so many great American inventions—the cotton gin, the Kentucky rifle,

the atomic bomb—this orchestration of just plain folks was practical and pretty to look at. At one point a naked young lady mounted the shoulders of her gallant escort and paraded through the crowd for the delectation of the multitude. Another nubile nude was hurled over the fence into the press compound. Finally, after Evel's personal Lear jet wigwagged its way down the canyon announcing the great man's imminent arrival, those outside the press and television compounds began a zesty assault on the fragile fences that kept them from the canyon rim. Fortunately the management had hired 150 sturdy motorcycle-gang types to beef up security. Bare-chested toughs with bike chains for belts stood shoulder to shoulder with shotgun-armed security guards, holding back the barbarians at the gates. "Odd, ain't it," said one guard to a tattooed biker, "they look just like you guys."

When Evel finally emerged, resplendent in his red-white-and-blue jump suit, the crowd calmed, caught up in the harrowing realization of the moment. His voice, echoing through a hundred loudspeakers, was as incoherent as the event itself. All one knew was that it was . . . well, momentous. To solve the clumsy problem of mounting the Sky-Cycle without detracting from his dignity, Evel had invented the Evel Knievel Freedom Crane, a star-spangled hoist with a seat suspended from its cable. He climbed into it, then swung lazily, gracefully over the heads of the throng. He stuck out his right arm—thumbs up! A thousand thumbs answered him, and many more dust-choked voices.

For those on the ground looking up, it was a memorable sight. For those in theaters looking on, it was a scene of mind-boggling hokiness. The cameras locked on Knievel in his boson's chair, the landscape swinging by, while in a voice-over the syrupy ballad of Evel Knievel was sung, a tune that lent the ultimate, stirring touch to prejump proceedings that could give hyperbole a bad name. Moments earlier, television gadfly David Frost had shown his degree of expertise as jump commentator. He pointed to the Sky-Cycle pressuring up and asked Knievel, "Uh, is that steam a good sign?" A rumpled priest offered up an earnest prayer for "a man with a dangerous dream." Elsewhere in the show another voice-over had Evel reading his own poem about his own heroics. And



Trailing chute, cycle bounces down cliff.



finally, caught up in the heady, star-spangled atmosphere of it all, one commentator murmured, "A lot of people thought this was just a publicity stunt."

Evel was into the rocket at 3:20 p.m., only 15 minutes behind schedule. For five minutes his blond curls waved in the vagrant breezes while he buckled up, then donned his helmet. The crowd followed every movement as if it were the crucifixion. A high school band in silver-and-purple uniforms, possibly fatigued from its rendition of *The Star-Spangled Banner*, looked on wearily. The great moment was approaching. Bob Truax, the aerospace engineer who had designed the Sky-Cycle and who gave Evel an 80-20 chance of survival, climbed down the stairs from the Sky-Cycle and the great daredevil was alone with his demon.

A long wait. . . .

A longer wait. . . .

And this is both the absurdity and the greatness of the event: time did strange tricks in those endless moments. Men who had seen fine racing drivers die, drivers far more talented than Evel and operating machinery far more sophisticated than his Sky-Cycle, found themselves quailing. This was the theater of trust. This was nearly as scary as the start of the Indy 500—maybe more so, because only one life was involved here, the focus of attention, the end point of empathy. One thought of his hand on the



Kniefel and his rescue crew head for the shore where helicopter will whisk him away.

launch button, of his inner conflicts, of the moment he said yes and punched it.

The rocket went whoosh. It was precisely 3:36 p.m. A great white gout of steam and noise fanned out and there was an acceleration far exceeding that of a moon shot. And then, in the midst of the steam, not two-thirds of the way up the 108-foot launch ramp, there was the startling sight of the drogue parachute popping open, tugging the main chute after it. Kniefel was up, but far too slowly, the steam fading as the man opened, white and writhing before it filled. He was not nearly across. A Northwest wind caught the rocket and it sink slowly, swinging, twisting into the canyon.

"He's going in the river," screamed the crowd. "Dooooooooh!"

They crashed the fence and surged to the canyon rim. The onlookers were no longer beery invaders of Twin Falls; they were human beings together, anxious for the fate of a madman cum hero.

Within minutes Kniefel was 'coptered up, deposited, crushed by the throng. He did not seem to know that the drogue had popped prematurely, insisting he had triggered it in the air.

"I don't know what happened," he said. "The cycle went sideways. It turned . . . I saw the canyon wall come out of the sky. I let the chute go." He had

The bike crowd conducts its own searching.

me to blow the chute open and I thank him for that. I'm glad to be back in one piece, believe me."

There are those who might maintain that Evel purposely popped his chute the moment the rocket fired. What better a way to build suspense for another attempt—a rematch against the canyon? But if he did, it was an act of daring and pinpoint precision far greater than a fully successful shot might have been. The slightest miscalculation and he almost certainly would have drowned in the Snake or been crushed to death.

An hour and a half after the shot, Evel returned to his motel. He was just a touch pale, a touch weak in his handshake. The right side of his nose and face wore shallow scratches from the underbrush on the knoll where he finally landed.

"Bob Truax didn't fail," Kniefel said, now cognizant of what actually had happened. "It was the metal in the parachute container that failed. I had the parachute-release stick tucked under my leg and it never got loose. That container got ripped off on the ramp, or else just popped under the thrust."

"Well, you'll get her the next time, Evel," said a well-wisher.

Evel looked doubtful.

Going into his room, he seemed almost humble. "I'm the luckiest man in the world," he said. Of course, he always has been—and that is the best hype of all.

END



GOING FROM BAD TO THE BEST

Once a juvenile delinquent, now the darling of Los Angeles boxing fans, ex-street fighter Bobby Chacon has demonstrated that converting to the good life is a great way to the featherweight title **by RON RAPOPORT**

Bobby Chacon started jumping up and down when the count reached five. His opponent was on the seat of his pants near the ring ropes, not about to rise again, and for the crowd from the streets of East Los Angeles and the dusty flatlands of San Fernando Valley, the scene was just right. It represented the ultimate victory of one of their own.

After Chacon had raised his arms in triumph, he leaned over the ropes to make physical contact with the cheering, stomping, waving crowd. Then he paused. "Where's my belt? Where's my trophy?" he asked. It was as if he had to see and touch the prizes before he could be sure he had come all this way from the days when his fights had earned him rewards of a different kind: appearances in juvenile courtrooms, charges of possession of drugs, a cop's nightstick splitting the top of his head.

In winning the vacant World Boxing Council featherweight title from Venezuelan Alfredo Marciano last Saturday night in Los Angeles' Olympic Auditorium, Chacon scored his 23rd knockout in 26 fights, a remarkable percentage for the 126-pound class. His manager, Joe Ponce, summed it up best. "God gave Bobby a heavy hand," he said.

Chacon threw his heavy right hand often in the early rounds, but they had little effect on Marciano, a former junior lightweight champion, who in his turn scored with several punches to the liver in the sixth and seventh that clearly hurt Chacon. Indeed, the Venezuelan appeared to be gaining command. Then he made a key mistake.

Instead of continuing to take the fight to Chacon, Marciano fought timidly in the eighth round, both boxers bouncing cautiously around the ring, exchanging

a few punches, watching, waiting. That round of rest was all Chacon needed. He came out fast in the ninth and resumed his attack. Marciano, the 27-year-old veteran of nearly 60 fights, struck back and landed some punches, but it was too late. At 2:18 in the round Marciano walked into a short right uppercut that knocked him back on the seat of his pants. And there he remained.

Chacon began dancing around the ring. "I was celebrating," he said afterward. "I was praying, 'Stay down. Stay down.'"

Chacon's rapid ascent to the top has been accompanied by a popularity of extraordinary dimensions, particularly in the Los Angeles Mexican-American community. Despite an unlikely 6 p.m. starting time (to accommodate Venezuelan television), the fight drew 6,416 and took in more than \$87,000 at the gate. Last May 16,080 jammed the Olympic to see Chacon beat Danny Lopez (the house record is 16,200 for the Muhammad Ali-Archie Moore fight in 1962) and closed-circuit television had to be set up nearby to handle the overflow.

On Labor Day some 4,500 fans came to the crumbling old downtown arena to applaud a routine Chacon sparring session. When the work out ended they lined up three deep around the ring, thrusting out paper for Chacon to autograph, hands for him to shake, babies for him to pat. It was a spontaneous display of mass affection that would have brought tears to the eyes of a political advance man.

The irony of this Latin adulation is that Chacon was born in the U.S., has been south of Tijuana only on a few vacations and speaks virtually no Spanish. Indeed, some of his fights have been against Mexican boxers who crossed the border accompanied by their own fans, to whom Chacon was the gringo. "They come up for their fighters," Bobby says. "I beat them and then they're for me."

Chacon's victory over Marciano technically gave him only one-half of the

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK JACOBSON



Ravelling in victory, the new champ greets proud father-in-law while jupson fans join in.

featherweight title, the WBC half. The World Boxing Association version of the championship still belongs to Ruben Olivares, who is perhaps the only local fighter as popular as Chacon. These factors, plus Olivares' 1973 victory over Chacon—Bobby's only professional defeat—would make a rematch for the undisputed title perhaps as big a fight as has ever been staged in Los Angeles. Unfortunately, such a fight may be a long way off because of the reluctance of each boxing faction to take a chance on losing its claim to the championship and because of unfriendly rivalry between the area's two major promoters. Olivares is tied up by Jack Kent Cooke's Forum, while Chacon, who has fought for Forum Promoter Don Fraser in the past, is committed to two more fights for Aileen Eaton, promoter at the Olympic.

Still, while fans might be impatient to see the rematch, Chacon can afford the wait. He will not be 23 until November. He has been boxing professionally only 2½ years and has already left behind him a beaten string of top fighters, among them former bantamweight champion Chucho Castillo and top featherweight contender Frankie Crawford. Chacon will be happy to slow the pace down a bit. "Now I can get \$40,000 or \$50,000 a fight so I won't have to fight so often," he says. "With me, money is the main thing. I want to make my family comfortable. I want to give my babies the life I never had."

The life Bobby Chacon did have was grim. "The fighting was always there," he says of his teen-age days. "We were always stealing things: tires out of gas stations, food. You just took whatever you wanted. I started stealing cars when I was in the ninth grade."

"I got caught with Second and marijuana. I guess I was in the police station six or eight times and I had a lot of other brushes with the cops. Once one of them laid my head open with a nightstick. I've still got a scar. And I ran away from home a lot."

For all his street-fighting experience, Chacon never really considered boxing as a way to make money. It was his wife Valerie who suggested he give it a try one night while they were watching a fight on television.

"I'd never seen him actually fight," she says. "But people would come to me after a street fight and say, 'You ought to have seen him.' So I told him he ought



Chacon (left) took the fight to Alfredo Marciano before knocking him out in the ninth round.

to try boxing." Then, as if recognizing that this is a long way from the attitude of the stereotyped boxer's wife constantly pleading with her man to quit, she laughs, "People must think I'm a cold-blooded old lady."

The Chacon family now live with their two children on a 2½-acre ranch at the north end of the Valley, just down the road from the house Valerie was raised in. Olive trees crowd the grounds and fig trees line the border of the property; there is a pen full of chickens, turkeys, rabbits and ducks and there is a coral with three horses.

"Olivares bought this place for me," Chacon says smiling, thinking of the big purse from his one defeat, "and Danny Lopez furnished it." An uncle and a cousin live in a converted garage in back and the place teems with a variety of friends, relatives and in-laws.

In getting ready for the Marciano fight, Chacon broke a prime tenet of the training-camp faith, the one that calls for a desert-island atmosphere. He lived at home and commuted to the downtown gym where he worked out. The idea of a fighter being surrounded by his family while training is, of course, horrifying to boxing managers everywhere, and in Bobby's corner Joe Ponce was no exception. But Chacon insisted, for no larger reason than the fact that his daughter did not talk to him when he returned from a

long, tiring, camp some time ago. He did not want the same thing to happen with his son.

Along with his personal appearances, Chacon has become a familiar figure on local Sunday morning community-service television programs. And he has held some preliminary discussions about becoming an actor. "Paramount says they're thinking about casting me for a movie on Willie Pep," he says.

Chacon's public reputation also is enhanced by the time he spends prowling the corridors of the schools in his old Valley neighborhood, often in the company of an ex-schoolboy chum, USC's Anthony Davis. There he tries to sell the young Bobby Chacon on the virtues of a life free from crime and drugs, subjects on which he has gained expertise firsthand.

What lies ahead for the new champ? For sure, Bobby and Valerie plan to milk boxing for everything it can give them. "We asked our accountant how much Bobby would need to retire at 25 and live off the interest," she says. "He told us. That's what we're working toward."

"When I first started," says Chacon, "I thought about the championship. But that's not what is important to me now." He looks at Bobby Jr. practicing a backward crawl on the floor. Then he looks out the picture window through the olive trees at his property. "This is what is important to me," he says.

AND



A GREAT PLUNGE FORWARD FOR CHINA

With golds in diving, gymnastics and shooting, the People's Republic's participation in the Asian Games after 20 years of athletic exile was a banner occasion for winning friends and medals **by PAT PUTNAM**

Last week a correspondent covering the Asian Games in Iran for Tokyo's *The Mainichi* received an urgent telephone call from his publisher, who demanded to know what was wrong with the powerful Japanese swimming team. "Not much," replied Reporter Yasu-Aki Suda. "It's the food, it's the beds in the village and it's the Chinese. Mostly, it's the Chinese." And so it went in Tehran, as Chairman Mao Tse-tung's shy and smiling athletes kept extending their hands in friendship and, to their increasing embarrassment, repeatedly ended up with fistfuls of medals.

No Chinese amassed a greater embarrassment of riches than woman gymnast Chiang Shao-yi, who won five medals, all of them gold.

"Congratulations," said an American photographer to Chiang's coach, Hsu Jen-chieh. "Now would it be all right if I take a picture of her with all of her medals?"

Hsu beamed approval. "Certainly you can—on the victory stand when they give her her last medal."

"No, I mean with all of her medals," said the photographer.

The Chinese coach recoiled. "All of her medals. No, no, no. Not like Spitz. Not like Mark Spitz. With one medal only."

By the end of the sixth day of the Games the Chinese were finding it increasingly difficult to avoid comparison to big winners such as Spitz. The People's Republic of China had won 57 medals, including 16 golds, and it seemed likely that with eight more days of competition and some of China's best events still to come, the harvest had barely begun. Only the Japanese, who have dominated the Asian Games since they began in 1951, had won more medals (97), but Japan had been wiped out in two of its strongest suits, diving and gymnastics. And it had seen the Chinese make inroads in a third, swimming.

The success of the Chinese was stunning for a nation self-exiled from international competition since 1954. That was the year Mao unofficially decided that the rest of the world could play its games with Taiwan and turned the motherland into a vast, private training ground for the 300 million athletes among China's 800 million citizens. Four

years later he made it official and withdrew the People's Republic from all international athletic federations. Except for a few exhibition tours after Mao introduced Ping-Pong diplomacy in 1972, the Chinese have competed exclusively among themselves for the past 20 years.

Four years ago when the Iranians were awarded the Asian Games for 1974, they made it clear that they wanted the People's Republic, not Taiwan, to represent China. By an overwhelming margin, the Asian Games Federation agreed, threw out the Taiwanese and invited the mainlanders to replace them. The International Olympic Committee, which has a long history of supporting Chiang Kai-shek at the expense of all the Chinese athletes who do not live on his island, threatened to withdraw its sanction for the Asian Games. Numerous federations said they would boycott the Games and the generalissimo sulked.

Undaunted by the threats, the Iranians began quiet negotiations with IOC members, who finally agreed to approve the Games if the federations of the various sports would go along with the new China policy. After more negotiations, the federations slowly began unloading Taiwan to make room for the People's Republic. FINA, the federation that controls swimming, diving and water polo, proved the toughest group to crack. The mainland Chinese applied for membership, but stipulated that if Taiwan was not ousted from FINA, the federation could forget their application. By a two-vote margin, the 30 members of FINA's executive committee voted to forget it. Following 11th-hour negotiations with FINA President Dr. Harold Henning of the United States, the Chinese dropped the offending clause from their application, and the day before the Asian Games opened approval was granted for them to participate in the water-sports events as nonmembers.

In a small room in the apartment complex assigned to the Chinese in the athletes' village later that same day, Wu Chung-yuan, the man in charge of international relations at the Games for the All-China Sports Federation, said that everyone was happy that FINA had given its blessing, and that nothing had happened to make anyone think that Taiwan was anything more than just an is-

land province off the coast of China. "The Chinese stand on this problem is very clear and well known," said Wu. "There is only one China. That is the People's Republic of China. If anyone schemes to make two Chinas, or one China and one Taiwan, it would be absolutely opposed by our side. Taiwan is in no way a separate entity; it is one of the provinces of China."

The subject then changed from politics to sports and Wu managed to simultaneously smile and look sad when asked about the strength of his country's team. "Not too good, I am afraid," he said. "As you know, this is our first time in the Asian Games, so our knowledge of the standards of the other teams is limited. Many Asian countries have advanced players. Ours are not so advanced. Our purpose is to learn from our Asian friends. We were told that during these competitions we should remember the slogan: friendship first, competition second. In some events, perhaps badminton and table tennis, our teams may be compared with others."

That the Chinese were worthy of comparison to any of their rivals became evident almost immediately after the magnificent ceremony opening the Games. Su Chih-pu, a 26-year-old worker in a harvesting-machine factory in Heph province, scored 552 points in the 50-meter free pistol event and took the Games' first gold medal. A short time later Su joined Chi Ke-fa and two other teammates in the 50-meter free pistol event and, bang, China had its second gold.

Thirty-seven-year-old Chi is China's national champion, and he felt that he had been done in by the combination of Tehran's hot, dry climate and 5,600-foot altitude. In practice back home in Kansu province he had shot a 573, one point better than the world record. At the Games he could do no better than a 533.

A small, slightly balding man, Chi rubbed his throat, gargled and grinned. "I blame the conditions," he said, "but maybe it is my age that is catching up with me. Of course, gold medals are not important. We are happy to win them, but the results were not the reason for coming here."

It was a theme that would be heard many times in the days that followed, an idea tucked neatly into every interview,

as though the Chinese were afraid everyone would forget that their true desire was *Yu-i Di-i, Bi-sai, Ti-erh*: friendship first, competition second.

"Winning lasts but briefly," said Shih Tien-shu, the team's interpreter. "In China we have a saying: winning or losing is not the important thing. It is the friendship. You can see the results on the scoreboard or hear them on the radio, and then they are gone. But friendship strikes roots in the hearts of people. In China, sports is a very good bridge for people to get to know each other and to improve their health. Some people want to make money out of sports. This is not sportsmanship. It is not sport."

The other Asian competitors must have wished for even more *Yu-i* and less *Bi-sai* from the Chinese. Going into the second week of the Games the Chinese

continued



CHINA SERVED UP A SURPRISING ACE NAMED LU



CHIANG LED A SWEEP TUMBLING JAPAN

GREAT PLUNGE *continued*

men's basketball team was unbeaten, the water polo team was dunking opponents by scores of 10-3 and 17-2, the men's tennis team had lost just one match en route to qualifying for the finals and even the weight lifters, who were given no chance, had gotten a medal or two.

"Actually, we are not very good," said Shen Tien-chiu, the men's tennis coach. He is a short, stocky man from Shanghai, which is where the best Chinese players come from. In the 1950s Shen played twice at Wimbledon. "Each time I lost in the second round," he said.

"To whom?"

"I can't remember," Shen replied with a faint frown. "Oh, yes. I think it was to that Australian player. The left-hander. What's his name? Laver? Rod Laver? Is that it? I can't remember the other one. I just remember I didn't win."

Play began on a court behind him and Shen turned to watch as his No. 2 man, Wang Fu-chang, edged Thailand's Sompan Champrasit 7-5, 6-4 in a 3-0 Chinese sweep of the Thais. "We are just now getting used to the altitude here," Shen said. "The ball moves faster than we expect and it is harder to control. We have a long way to go. Our style is not very active. We beat the Iranians yesterday,

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY TRULLO

but even so, I think their style is much better, much more active. And I am very sorry to say we are playing without national champion Hsu Mei-lin. He is at the village, but he has a very heavy cold. I am not only sorry for me, but for the whole team. However, to win is not our purpose. We are here to learn, to make ourselves healthy and to . . ."

With Hsu sick, No. 3 man Lu Cheng-yi went undefeated in the first three matches and found himself the ace of the Chinese team. He is tall and slender and just turned 18. A tennis player for six years, he works in a Shanghai textile mill and says he feels lucky if he gets to practice three or four times a week. Still, his play in the early rounds made him a strong favorite to win the men's singles, but he frowned when he considered what a gold medal would mean to him. Finally he said: "If I achieve that, it would be a great honor for China. Still I would stay a common man. I don't think it would make any difference in my life. I'll be the same ordinary person."

Chang Jung-hua is China's national women's tennis champion. Twenty-seven and married with no children, she works in a knitting mill. In Shanghai, of course. The thoughts of winning a gold medal did not dismay her at all.

"Just being here is a great event for me," she said. "I think I should try to do my best, but to win a medal is not my purpose. Of course, if I take one, it will be a great honor for me because it will

mean I have developed my technique to its fullest. Billie Jean King? Is she the one with the glasses? Yes, I saw a picture of her once in a magazine. We had a film of her and some other players at Wimbledon. I didn't get to see it. It is a pity."

Meanwhile the Japanese were thinking it was a pity that they had left their eight top gymnasts at home to prepare for the world championship next month at Varna, Bulgaria. Led by 27-year-old Chiang Shao-yi, the Chinese women who own gymnastics medals, including five gold, and they had onlookers wondering what they will do for an encore after they gain international experience. The Chinese men were not nearly as strong but they took nine medals as well, not bad for a bunch of beginners.

"We have worked very hard for a year," Chang said. She has been a gymnast since she was an 11-year-old primary school student in Yunnan province. Now she is an instructor in her sport at the Physical Culture and Sports Institute in Peking. Gymnastics have always been popular in China, she explained, especially among students, but it has been only during the last 20 years that artistic gymnastics have been widely practiced.

"The main thing is to improve or raise the standard through friendly exchanges," she said. "For instance, we visited the United States last year and we learned a lot from the American players." Quite a lot, it appears. On Tuesday the Chinese men and women won the team titles. The next day Chiang and teammates Ning Hsiao-lio and Hsin Kuei-chau finished 1-2-3 in the all-round, and two nights later Chiang was brilliant as she won three of four possible gold medals and had an almost perfect 19.35 (out of 20) for her two performances on the floor. The same evening Tsai Huan-tsung won four medals for the men to boost the Chinese gymnasts' total to 18.

Arthur Gander is the president of FIG, the Fédération Internationale de Gymnastique. He is a German Swiss who wears baggy pants and has a tendency to pound the table when he speaks. He was once a member of the Swiss national gymnastic team and had been a gym teacher until his retirement. And he was aghast at the expulsion of Taiwan from the Asian Games, but the Chinese gymnasts woo him over with their performances.

"There is no event in which they are lagging," Gander said. "They are equal-

continued



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An aerial photograph of a city skyline at dusk or dawn. The sky is a mix of orange, pink, and blue. Several tall buildings are visible, including a prominent one on the right. The city below is mostly in shadow, with some lights visible from the buildings.

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ly good in all. They have wonderful moves and technique, and a virtuosity and precision that is a rarity even among Japanese men. The trend in gymnastics is toward acrobatics, as demonstrated by Olga Korbut. I'm not a fan of it, but it seems everyone is doing tripleaults now, and triple twists, and quadruple twists. The art of gymnastics is suffering. The Chinese show more artistic performances. They are total perfection. To watch them makes your heart laugh."

He found a table nearby and began to pound on it. "I did not expect them to be this good, but they convinced me. A Chinese is a very well-formed human being, better formed than a Japanese, for instance." He pounded some more. "Or a Swiss. That is one advantage. The Chinese men are most beautiful, and the women are better formed than most women from other countries as well."

Because they do not belong to FIG, the Chinese were performing at a disadvantage. As outsiders, they were not able to place a judge on the panel. "There was another thing regarding the rules," said Gander. "Every other team practiced in the big hall where the competitions took place although it was against the rules. Nobody said anything. The Chinese were the only ones following the rules and practicing in the practice hall. They like to keep in the background."

In swimming the Japanese were still the dominating force, even though the Chinese won 18 medals, including eight in diving. With those victories, China served notice that it is likely to be a formidable foe in the future. A friendly foe, that is.

The women's diving star—insofar as the Chinese will permit anyone to be a star—was Chung Shao-chen, a compact 26-year-old from Kwangtung province, a warm and watery place from which most of the good Chinese swimmers and divers come. She finished just ahead of teammate Sung Yun-tsang to capture a gold medal in the three-meter springboard. Two days later she turned in a stunning, gold-medal-winning performance off the platform.

The men did almost as well in the three-meter springboard, with first place going to Hsieh Tsao-min, a 21-year-old student from Szechwan province who looks like Peter Lorre, and the bronze medal to 16-year-old Liu Sui.

Chinese Diving Coach Liang Po-hsi was all smiles. A 10-time national diving

continued

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GREAT PLUNGE *continued*

champion, he had done his work well and he agreed to an interview with a woman writer from the New China News Agency, who acted as an interpreter for a Western colleague. The English-speaking reporter asked Liang if he had expected to win that many medals.

"Of course. We came here to win medals," the Chinese writer promptly answered. "Why are you asking such a question?"

"Oh, I don't know. Why don't you ask him anyway?"

Liang was asked and he did not say that the divers came to Iran to win medals. "I or us friendship comes first, competition second," he said. "Whether we get the medals or not, we are very happy we have made many new friends and have met many old friends. We think our men and women have displayed good sportsmanship and also a high level of skill. But we are especially happy that our Iranian friends are very friendly to us and we have practiced together with other Asian divers and we have learned from each other. That is our main harvest. And our aim in developing this event in our country is to build up the health of the people."

Dr. Henning, the FINA president, was asked how well the Chinese swam.

"Up to now, we didn't know," he said. "They have done very well. Certainly not world class by any means, but they have qualified for the finals in every event and in most of them even had two people in the finals. Their strokes are very basic and orthodox. I think they have a good understanding of the strokes, which in time, as they watch other swimmers and learn new techniques, they will carry over into their training and they will improve on their times. Their starts and turns are terrible. Even the diving isn't world class, although they certainly are better than most divers in Asia. They are picking some difficult dives, but the execution isn't what you would expect in world class. They need to watch better swimmers and divers and contact other coaches and swimmers from other countries."

Well, that seems to be what the Chinese had been saying all along. Now that the Asian Games have moved into their second week, into sports the Chinese have already learned well, such as table tennis and badminton, more of those powerful arms will be extended in friendship. It is enough to make their friends shudder.

END

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PRO FOOTBALL

by TEX MAULE

ALL UPSIDE DOWN

It will be the season of lame ducks, long passes, lost friends, lonesome spectators and law courts. For the National Football League, entering its 55th season, the world has flip-flopped; 1974 is the year of change.

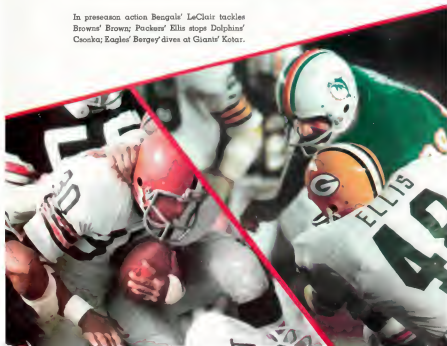
The old paternalistic relationship between owners and players has become a confrontation between labor and management. The brash young World Football League has challenged the NFL's monopoly of the sport and hired away some of its best players for future delivery. The player strike hurt the exhibition season and contributed, along with the televising of home-game sellouts, to a decline in season-ticket sales. And some of the cherished regulations that have allowed the clubs to retain players against their will are being contested in a series of court cases. Should the NFL lose these legal actions, the whole structure of the game could come tumbling down. Finally, even the playing rules have been changed. Ironically, the new rules have created a more interesting game at the very time when teams

may be playing before increasing numbers of empty seats.

After months of buckering, the strife between players and owners subsided into a stalemate. No new contract was agreed upon; the players returned to the field with the squabble unsettled and with only a nebulous promise of further bargaining. They had presented an unwieldy and unrealistic list of 63 demands when negotiations began, the owners did little to meet those demands, and a stalemate was inevitable. The whole distasteful and boring procedure may impair the start of the 1975 season, too.

The main sticking point for both owners and players was the Rozelle Rule, under which Commissioner Pete Rozelle decides what compensation should be made to a club losing a player to another team after he has played out his option. That rule—as well as the option clause—is being challenged in court, most notably by Joe Kapp. The Kapp case will be decided in U.S. District Court in San Francisco, where Judge William T. Swegert will rule in a few weeks on

In preseason action Bengals' LeClair tackles Browns' Brown; Packers' Ellis stops Dolphins' Csonka; Eagles' Bergey dives at Giants' Kotar.



the legality of the Rozelle Rule, the option clause and the draft. If he decides against the NFL, the players may have won what they unsuccessfully struck for.

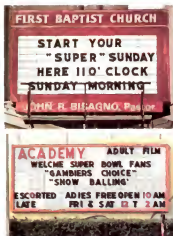
The WFL has already given NFL players an option, the best they have had since the American Football League was formed, and several dozen veterans have signed to play with the new league in 1975 or 1976. The WFL is the equivalent of Linus' blanket for NFL players. They did not have to work as hard in camp; if they were cut, they could go to the WFL. Since this is true for marginal players as well as for superstars, it is difficult to evaluate the comparative strengths of NFL teams going into this season. If Larry Csonka, Jim Kick and Paul Warfield coast—however subconsciously—in Dolphin games, how good is Miami?

From the fans' point of view, the only change for the better is in the rules. So far, in an exhibition season played first by rookies and rejects, then by rusty veterans, one thing has been constant: more offense. There have been more long scoring plays, more touchdowns, more long punt and kick-off returns and only half as many field goals as last year. Seldom is a kickoff downed in the end zone anymore. The wide receiver is running long patterns again—and catching the ball. It is a more exciting game and, as the veterans shape up, the new rules should result in spectacular, high-scoring contests. And the resultless game—the tie—is all but a thing of the past, with sudden death now in effect.

So here comes a lively, unpredictable season, full of bombs and bombast. That doesn't sound so bad. Kick off.

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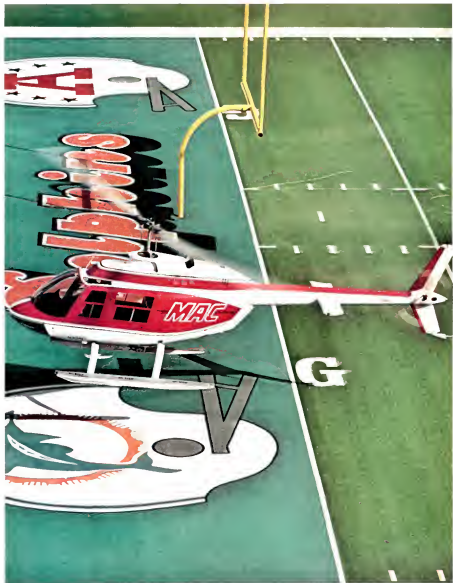


THE WEEK THAT WAS—AND IS

EVERYTHING IS SUPER SUPER

It has never been just a football game. From the very beginning, when someone invented its comic-strip name, the Super Bowl has been an extravaganza, good old American hoopla, nonsense, folderol, fantasy. Each year it becomes more expansive—and expensive—with everybody in the act, from forward-thinking churches to theaters for immature adults only. In Houston last January a helicopter hovered in Rice Stadium drying out the artificial turf, while elsewhere partying mobs were doing their best to make everything wet. Yet through it all glowed the central theme, the essence: football, the players, the teams, the game. And afterward that curious mixture of elation and letdown that follows a wild and satisfying party.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEPHEN GREEN-ARMYTAGE





The big bash of Super Bowl Week is the party hosted by the NFL, which last January was a Western-style barbecue in the Astrodome for 2,800 media types, club officials, celebs and hangers-on, at which Charley Pride (left) did his thang. Doing theirs about town were the semiofficial Viking mascot, a button vendor, a guy who'll never tap out and another no-pain fan.









Dolphin practices were closed to all but the knothole gang. The scribes got a closer look at the players, such as Quarterback Fran Tarkenton, at daily press briefings.



Autograph hounds cornered Miami Receiver Marlin Briscoe in his hotel parking lot, but Paul Warfield was able to slip away for a little taste where the lights were low.





Mercifully, the two-week buildup finally ends, with the lucky ticket-holders beaming and goofing, and the onxious players awaiting the introductions. At holitime more hooplo, featuring Miss Texas fiddling bluegrass on some ersatz green grass, backed by the University of Texas band.



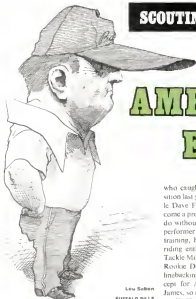






The party's over. To the victor go the spoils. And to the clean-up crew goes the mess. For Coach Don Shula, who unceremoniously walks off with the Vince Lombardi Trophy awarded the Super Bowl champion, the quest began in the long days of July. Now in January's early twilight... We did it! We did it!





Lou Saban
BUFFALO BILLS

AMERICAN EAST

who caught only 10 passes at that position last year, would then replace Tackle Dave Foley, whose mobility has become a problem. The defensive line must do without young Jeff Winans, a fierce performer who tore knee ligaments in training, but End Bob Kampa, a bull-riding enthusiast, and 6'5", 274-pound Tackle Mike Kadish are hale and hearty. Rookie Doug Allen adds depth to the linebacking corps, which is youthful. Except for All-NFL Cornerback Robert James, so is the secondary.

"We'll throw more, but not significantly more," says Quarterback Joe Ferguson. He passed only 164 times last season but this year, with bump-and-run coverage limited, speedy J. D. Hill may shake loose often enough to match the 52-catch season he had two years ago. And the Bills have acquired Ahmad Rashad from St. Louis. He caught 59 passes for 909 yards in 1972 when his name was Bobby Moore. Power running and blocking is expected from Fullback Jim Bravton, who missed eight games last year with a back injury.

"In our system we can give or fake to the fullback," Ferguson says. "With help, O. J. won't carry as often, but instead of six yards a crack he may get 20." A preseason victory over Washington had Saban beaming on his weekly TV show. "The Bills," he said, "are nearing the top of the hill."

But up there they will find Almighty Miami. Averaging six years of experience and two NFL championship rings per man, the Dolphins are just reaching their prime. The only immediate concern is aging (33) Middle Linebacker Nick Bu-



Chanley Wheeler
NEW YORK JETS

Let's Get Involved," read the message in masking tape on a window at the training camp of the Buffalo Bills. Losers since 1967, the Bills got involved last year, winning nine games, rushing for an NFL-record 3,088 yards and leading the league in attendance.

Coach Lou Saban used the draft, half a dozen free agents and deals involving 45 players to find support for O. J. Simpson, most notably a youthful offensive line that turned the Juice loose for 2,603 yards and eight rushing records. In 1969, Californian Simpson had considered joining the short-lived Continental League rather than play in remote, often frigid Buffalo. But now he even has a home in a Buffalo suburb called Chapel Woods.

This year the offensive line may improve further if the Bills' No. 1 pick, Reuben Giant, can recover from a preseason shoulder separation and move in at tight end. Paul Seymour, a booming blocker

inconsistently, he injured a thigh against Los Angeles and will miss the opener. But Coach Don Shula is ready with hard-hitting Mike Kolen, who played the middle during the players' strike, and second-year Linebacker Bruce Bannon, who made 17 tackles against Detroit last year. Vince Costello, who replaced Bill Arnspurger as defensive coach, will stay with a strategy that yielded only 3,281 total yards, third-fewest in the NFL.

Rookie Receivers Mel Baker and Nat Moore caught a lot of Miami's preseason touchdown passes. They would be fine prospects elsewhere, but no one elsewhere has Paul Warfield, Marlin Briscoe and Howard Twilley.

Shula's worries will begin next year when Warfield, Larry Csonka and Jim Kwik go to the WFL. Warfield's slow had been anticipated, since he had said he would retire after this season. He caught only 29 passes in 1973 but 11 went for touchdowns. Mercury Morris, Miami's

chief outside threat, had already beaten out Kueck, but who can replace Coska and his three straight years of 1,000-yard rushing? "He doesn't make 90-yard runs," says teammate Bob Matheson, "but guys who tackle him wish he had." It seems obvious, but look for the Dolphins again at the Super Bowl.

Baltimore reeled when General Manager Joe Thomas made 20 trades last year, dealing away nearly a dozen starters or former starters. Sixteen rookies and 31 understandably insecure veterans returned to lose 10 games, the Colts' poorest performance in two decades. "No one knew what was up last year," says Tight End Ray Chester. The Baltimore pass rush sacked fewer quarterbacks than any other AFC team and opponents completed 60 1/2% of their passes against the Colts. Coach Howard Schnellenberger complains, "We had to play offense in a defensive manner."

The Baltimore offense was not too bad at that. The Colts scored only 26 touchdowns, but Lydell Mitchell broke the team rushing record with 963 yards and Glenn Doughty averaged 23.5 yards on his 25 receptions, the second-highest average in the league.

This year Thomas parted with A-E AFC Linebacker Ted Hendricks and anyone else who signed future contracts to play in the NFL, and a horde of new rookies infiltrated the Colts. Slowly the turmoil subsided. "We understand what's being done now," Chester says, and Quarterback Marty Domres adds, "Last year was very disjunctive. It was wait and see. Now we all drink beer together." Four newcomers have come to the aid of the defense. Ends John Dutton and Fred Cook spent much of the preseason in opposing backfields, giving Baltimore a badly needed pass rush. Cornerback Doug Nettles moved right into the lineup and Linebacker Dan Dickel played well enough to press Tom Mackleoy, who came to the Colts in the Hendricks deal. The main concern among the rookies was whether Roger Carr, a receiver who has speed and can catch, would let his crew cut grow. Veterans wondered how long Domres can hold off Bert Jones, a better thrower.

Schnellenberger must be con-

cerned about what will happen if the Colts finish under .500 again. Reserve Receiver Ollie Smith, fast and graceful but used sparingly in 1973, and John Andrews, shifting from tight end to fullback, along with Punter David Lee, who can kick for height, may turn out to be plus factors that will keep Schnellenberger at the helm.

New England Coach Chuck Fairbanks, discounting rookies, says, "Our greatest chance for improvement is for the players we have already to improve." Whatever dissatisfaction Fairbanks felt about the Patriots' 5-9 season was concentrated on the defensive line, which yielded 5.1 yards per carry. O.J. alone swept through New England for 469 yards in two games, almost 25% of his record season total. Fairbanks has decided to revert to a 3-4 defense, hoping his linebackers will be an asset in a gang-tackling defense. The secondary, headed by Cornerback Ron Bolton, gave New England the second-best figures for pass defense in 1973, but that could be misleading since most teams took the easier ground route to clobber the Patriots.

Quarterback Jim Plunkett's totals of 193 completions for 2,550 yards were bettered only by Roman Gabriel. Plunkett

has an army of fleet receivers. Reggie Rucker caught 53 passes, and Darryl Stingley, Randy Vataha and Bob Winders each had at least 20. Expect more burn out of Fullback Sam Cunningham, who last season was disconcerted by his 10 fumbles. The sweetest surprise should be a left-footed English placekicker named John Smith, from Oxfordshire, who booted 15 field goals in 18 attempts and 35 consecutive PATs to lead the Atlantic Coast League in scoring.

Fairbanks believes the rule changes open the door for an attack like the Wash-bone and the Patriots might try it. "I've got the quarterback," Fairbanks says, meaning Jack Mildren, who played for him at Oklahoma and who was acquired from Baltimore. But Fairbanks and the Patriots also have a tougher schedule this year and improving on 5-9 will border on the miraculous.

Charley Winner supplants his father-in-law Weeb Ewbank in New York (the Jets' current highlight film is called *End of an Era*). One problem is fragile Joe Namath, who has not played a full season since 1969. He missed seven weeks last year with a separated shoulder. His offensive line does not look strong. Emerson Boozer rolled up 831 yards, his best as a pro, but he is in his ninth season, rare for a running back. Fourth-year man John Riggins followed his near-1,000-yard performance in 1972 with a contract dispute and a disappointing 482 yards last year.

Winner, who is only 5'6", 138 pounds, drafted size. Tackle Carl Barnhuskas is 6'6", 265 and even better than expected. But Linebacker Godwin Turk, 6'3" and 230, may miss the entire season because of a dislocated shoulder.

The Jets again have good receivers. Jerome Barkum, Rich Caster and Eddie Bell will be assisted by David Knight, who last year beat out Don Maynard. Maynard used to attach a feather to his helmet during the glory days, and Caster still tucks one in his sock. If the Jets can improve on their 4-10 mark, it would put a feather in Winner's hat. But the offensive line must develop or this will be the year Joe Namath gets creamed for good.

MIKE DU NAGRO
CONTINUED



Chuck Fairbanks
NEW ENGLAND PATRIOTS



NICK SPARICK
CLEVELAND BROWNS

AMERICAN CENTRAL

Curtis averaged 18.7 yards on his 45 receptions last season and scored nine touchdowns, five of which were for 50 yards or more. With the new restrictions against the hump-and-run—referred to as “the Isaac Curtis rule”—he figures to do even better.

In the 12th round of that draft, Brown finally found the type of big back he had always had in Cleveland: Tight End Boobie Clark from tiny Bethune-Cookman was converted to running back and anastated Marion Motley so well that he won the AFC's Rookie of the Year award. Clark gained 988 yards and caught 45 passes for 347 more. Now he says, “I don't plan to take the bumps and bruises. This time I'm going to dish it out.” It was apparent when Boobie reported to camp that he had been doing it in all winter. Brown had to send the team trainer through the chow line with him to watchdog his calories.

The departure of Bill Bergey, traded to Philadelphia after a court fight over his defection to the WFL, left the middle linebacker job open, but the spot was quickly seized by Jim LeClair, an outside linebacker who was moved to the middle after he ignored the strike and reported the first day of practice. No one questions LeClair's strength—least of all Victor, the wrestling bear, whom he panned this spring—but he is not as noble as Bergey. And while Quarterback Ken Anderson played like an old pro last year, he has only three years' experience. If he is injured, the Bengals will be vulnerable. Anderson's backup, Wayne Clark, couldn't make the grade in four years at San Diego.

In Pittsburgh, the quarterback position is worrisome, too, although here depth is not the problem. The Steelers have Terry Bradshaw, Terry Hanratty



CHUCK NOLL
PITTSBURGH STEELERS

It is the Year of the Tiger on the Chinese calendar, which could be prophetic for this division. The Bengals of Cincinnati won six straight games at the end of last season to edge past Pittsburgh for the division championship, and Coach Paul Brown's troops may just keep on winning.

Evidence of the Bengals' new stature came during the draft. In the first round Cincinnati selected Bill Kollar, a defensive tackle from Montana State. The defensive tackle spots on the Bengals are currently manned by All-Pro Mike Reid, who sang the national anthem in full uniform before one exhibition game this year, and Ron Carpenter, who led the front four in tackles and quarterback sacks last season. The message was clear: the Bengals already had first-line players at every position. Last year's draft had filled in the two remaining pieces of the puzzle, a wide receiver and a big running back.

Critics used to say that Cincinnati's quarterbacks could not throw deep, but then Isaac Curtis, a 9.3 sprinter, arrived and suddenly the Bengals were bombing

and Joe Galliani—and each wants to be the starter. Bradshaw is the incumbent and has been since he arrived as a rookie in 1970. He has had spurts of brilliance but has never shown real consistency. Hanratty decided against a move to the WFL when Coach Chuck Noll assured him an equal shot at the No. 1 job, but he stayed out of camp during the entire strike and fell far behind his competitors in the hurry-up to get ready for the regular season. That leaves Galliani—Jefferson Street Joe—a 23-year-old black quarterback with minimal experience who passed opponents dizzy in the pre-season and was named to open against Baltimore. All three could take turns starting, as they did last year, but that is likely to produce the same lack of offensive consistency that has plagued Pittsburgh.

The 1973 Steelers badly needed depth at wide receiver, and in that regard the draft was a bonanza. In the first round they chose USC's Lynn Swann and in the fourth round they got what may be the real steal: John Stallworth from little Alabama A&M. When Pittsburgh received a film on Stallworth from his school, it

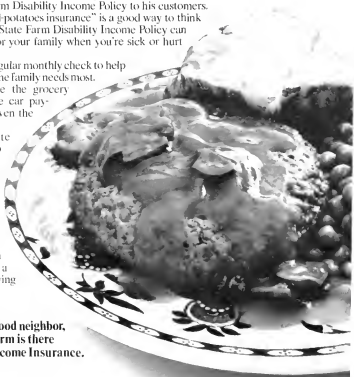
Think of it as meat and potatoes insurance.

That's how Bob Cline, one of our agents in Glenview, Illinois, explains a State Farm Disability Income Policy to his customers.

And "meat-and-potatoes insurance" is a good way to think about it. Because a State Farm Disability Income Policy can help set the table for your family when you're sick or hurt and can't work.

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The Mercedes-Benz 280.

This year, some new American cars will look surprisingly like it.

On the outside.



Top: beyond the Mercedes-Benz 280 Sedan.



Bottom: the 1975 American Look sedan.

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You simply can't make a car into a Mercedes-Benz by imitating its appearance. Or its interior. Or any other single element.

You, the driver, can prove that to yourself. Test drive a 280 Sedan. Then put any of the newcomers through the same demanding test. The difference will be driven home. The engineering difference.

We don't fault others for trying to follow the lead of the 280. In fact, we applaud the move toward sensibly sized sedans. That's progress.

But we really must question the idea that another car is like a Mercedes-Benz because it has a grille

like one. Or a silhouette like one. An automobile either is a Mercedes-Benz, or it isn't.

The Emperor's new clothes
Look beyond the new suits of



Mercedes-Benz 280 grille

clothes that the imitators are sporting. It's the same old story.

Take the engine. You'll find little that's new. These cars may

still offer you engines designed long ago. That may be hard to believe, but it's an engineering fact.

It's a different story with Mercedes-Benz. The contemporary engine in the 280 Sedan was designed



American Look grille

specifically for the 280 Series, designed as an integral part of the automobile.

This modern, twin overhead

camshaft engine directly meets demands of today's driving. It gives you fuel economy without sacrificing performance. No "Look-alike" domestic sedan has anything like the engine in a Mercedes-Benz 280. You'll instantly feel the difference on your first test drive.

No place to compromise

Look closely at the rear suspension on any of these "all-new" domestic sedans. They still feature simple wagon axles. The axles are one piece and suspended by groups of leaf springs. When one rear wheel hits a bump, the other is jolted too.

Now look at the Mercedes-Benz 280. Its rear suspension is complete-

gives you the security of control because it helps the standard radial tires stay on the road, where they belong.

Although 4-wheel independent suspension is far more expensive to engineer into an automobile, it is the no-compromise way. And at Mercedes-Benz, we don't feel suspension and handling are places to cut corners.

The only way

The same can be said for brakes. Certainly no area to compromise. Here is one area where American sedans have made great strides. The "Mercedes-style" new cars you will see in 1975 will probably have

into all of our automobiles for years. Every wheel on every Mercedes-Benz has a disc brake to stop it—4-wheel disc brakes. We wouldn't engineer an automobile without them. At Mercedes-Benz, it's the only way.

You get what you pay for

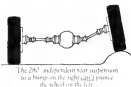
To be sure, a Mercedes-Benz 280 is more expensive than the domestic newcomers that will try to challenge it. Consider the basic differences already mentioned. Add some others like safety engineering, resale value and the Mercedes-Benz commitment to quality. These are fundamentals you can't just "add on." In a Mercedes-Benz you get what you pay for.

More and more you hear about cars that have this or that "just like a Mercedes-Benz." But you don't make a Mercedes-Benz by just trying to copy it.

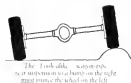
The Mercedes-Benz 280 Sedan. Make an appointment to test drive one. See why a Mercedes-Benz has become the standard other manufacturers measure by.



Mercedes-Benz
Engineered like no other car
in the world.



The 280 independent rear suspension so a bump on the right *can't* jounce the wheel on the left



The "look-alike" wagon-type rear suspension so a bump on the right *must* jounce the wheel on the left

ly different. Each wheel has its own independent suspension system. That way, each wheel reacts to the road surface independently. This design—fully independent suspension—is also a safety feature. It

disc brakes. But where? On the front wheels. Why are disc brakes confined to their front wheels?

We have no answer to that question. At Mercedes-Benz, we have designed 4-wheel disc brakes



The Mercedes-Benz 280 Sedan
the standard other manufacturers measure by

carried instructions to pass it on to the other teams in the BLESTO-VIII scouting combine. The Steelers took one look and conveniently lost the film, which helps explain why Stallworth was still available in the fourth round. Pittsburgh might have used its first-round choice for him had Swann not been available.

But if Pittsburgh's passing game appears better, its once-powerful running game seems worse. Two years ago the Steelers led the league with a rushing average of 5.1 yards a carry. Last year that figure fell to 3.9. Franco Harris was hurt much of the year. Now that he is presumably healthy again he has not shown the verve that won him Rookie of the Year honors in 1972. Steve Davis, a 218-pound speedster, has taken the other backfield post from the flashy Frenchy Fuqua.

The Steelers' forte is still defense, particularly the front line, where Mean Joe Greene, Duight (Mad Dog) White, Ernie Holmes and L. C. Greenwood terrorize the opposition. Pittsburgh recorded 33 sacks last year, a figure that certainly would have been higher had opposing quarterbacks not been in such a hurry to get rid of the ball. A better indicator of the defensive line's prowess was the 37 Steeler interceptions, 11 more than any other team in football. Altogether, the Steelers forced a league-high 55 turnovers.

Second-round draft choice Jack Lambert has drawn rave reviews and could replace veteran Henry Davis at middle linebacker, the corner-back spot vacated by John Rower, who was traded to Denver, will be filled by J. T. Thomas, the Steelers' first-round pick in last year's draft.

Noll should have no trouble becoming the first Pittsburgh coach to put together three consecutive winning seasons, and his Steelers probably will battle the Bengals right down to the wire. Indeed, the division title could well be decided in the final game of the season when the two teams meet in Pittsburgh.

Not that you can ever count the Cleveland Browns out of a race. In their 28-year history the Browns have had only one losing season. A decline was predicted last year, but going into the 13th week the Browns stood at 7-3-2, right in the thick of the division race. Then Cleveland lost its last two games—

to Cincinnati and Los Angeles—to finish third.

Third place again seems inescapable for the Browns. Last year they could not score a touchdown against Miami, Minnesota and the Giants and in one of their two games with Pittsburgh, Cleveland's offensive line just ain't what it used to be. Old pro Gene Hickerson has retired and most of the returning veterans are coming off surgery. The pass protection last year was the poorest in the team's history; as a result, Cleveland averaged 3.9 yards per pass attempt, next to worst in the league. Quarterback Mike Phipps has yet to prove that he is anything more than a bundle of unrealized potential, and his receiving corps is thin. The Browns are counting on drastic improvement from last year's No. 1 draft choice, Wide Receiver Steve Holden, who in 1973 caught only three passes for 27 yards.

Cleveland's ground game was equally weak, averaging 3.9 yards a crack. Leroy Kelly has been waived to Oakland, and now the thrust of the Browns' running attack rests on the shoulders of 5'10", 190-pound Greg Pruitt. Pruitt is in a class by himself in the open field and should be an enormous asset under the new punt coverage rule, but it is doubtful that he will be able to gain substantial yardage by throwing himself into the center of the line.



Sid Gillman
HOUSTON OILERS

The Browns' defense is strongest up the middle. Tackles Walter Johnson and Jerry Sherk are a superb tandem and Middle Linebacker Bob Babich, fully recovered from knee surgery, gives Cleveland its best performer at that position in years. The defensive backs are much better than their 12 interceptions (second-lowest in the league) indicate; they need defensive ends who can put pressure on opposing quarterbacks.

Sid Gillman's Houston Oilers reclamation project goes on . . . and on. Gillman has brought organization and savvy to the team, but someone should have given him a course in human relations. "If I can win," he says, "everybody can hate me. I'll give them a license to despise me if I can win."

Oiler players don't seem to require a license nor do they appear to be in immediate danger of winning any football games. Gillman alienated his veterans with comments he made during the strike and then cut seven of them the day they arrived in camp, including Linebacker Paul Gaudry, who had driven 26 hours straight from Buffalo. That prompted Defensive End Elvin Bethea, the team's best player, to ask to be traded. "He's making the whole franchise go backward," said Bethea of his coach.

Gillman continues to trade draft choices. He recently dealt a first in 1976 and a third in 1977 for San Francisco Running Back Vic Washington. In the first six rounds of this year's draft the Oilers had only one selection left, and that for the fourth round. Their pick, Steve Manstedt, a linebacker from Nebraska, promptly signed with the WFL. And their No. 1 draft pick a year earlier, 6'8", 290-pound Defensive Tackle John Matysrak, left the Oilers during training to join the WFL's Houston Texans. Litigation followed, of course.

On offense, which the Oilers play without benefit of blocking, Houston led the league with 52 turnovers. On defense, Gillman is experimenting with a permanent type of "53" alignment that utilizes four linebackers and three defensive linemen. That seems strange in light of his admission that "We had the worst linebacking I've ever seen in pro football." But with only two wins in two seasons, things have to get better, don't they? Well, don't they?

—JIM MARSHALL
CONTINUED



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Then came Vinho Branco, the crisp white Lancers.

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Try new Ruber soon. One glass will tell you that our third Lancers is just as good as our first two.

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A man and a woman are shown in a close-up, smiling at each other. The man, on the left, is wearing a light-colored patterned sweater and holding a glass. The woman, on the right, is wearing a yellow cable-knit sweater and is working on a bicycle wheel. They are outdoors, with a red building and some foliage in the background. The scene is set on a dark surface, possibly a workbench or a table.

The Copperhead.
(Smirnoff and gingerale.)

We wondered recently how come we'd mixed Smirnoff with so many fancy juices but studiously avoided plain old gingerale. Maybe because our parents had mixed gingerale with everything, we were rebelling.

Anyways, we did it. We mixed Smirnoff and gingerale, added a squeeze of lime to make it our own, and named it the Copperhead—a lively drink with a bite.

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To make a Copperhead, pour 1½ oz. of Smirnoff into a tall glass with ice. Add 4 oz. of gingerale, a squeeze of lime and stir.

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John Madden
OAKLAND RAIDERS

AMERICAN WEST



John Elston
DENVER BRONCOS

the Raiders again should meet the first prerequisite for postseason success by winning their seventh division title in eight years. Denver will challenge and Kansas City will provide traditional stress, but Oakland simply has too much strength.

The Raiders' abundance of personnel pushed Quarterback Daryle Lamonica out of the picture at the relatively young age of 33. An 11-year veteran who has thrown for 19,119 yards and 163 touchdowns, Lamonica has contracted to jump to the WFL after this season. But even if he were something other than a lame duck, the starting job again would fall to Ken (The Snake) Stabler, 28, who plans to follow Lamonica to the WFL in 1976. In the meantime, he hopes to become the first left-handed quarterback to take his team to the Super Bowl. Stabler's short-course offense is different from the long-range gaudiness that earned Lamonica the nickname "The Mad Bomber." Says Managing Partner Al Davis of Stabler's style, "It's like hitting the open man instead of going for the fast break." Yet there can be no faulting Stabler's effectiveness or accuracy. The Raiders were 8-2-1 after he replaced Lamonica early last season, and he led the NFL by completing 62.7% of his passes, 14 of them for touchdowns. During one stretch, Stabler threw 75 passes without an interception, and in a game against Baltimore he completed 25 of 29 (86.2%) to break the NFL single-game accuracy record set in 1945 by Sammy Baugh. "He may be the most accurate left-handed athlete of all time," one Oakland official says cautiously but proudly.

In keeping with the Raiders' penchant

for rebuilding while they stay on top, Coach John Madden has Larry Lawrence, a 25-year-old refugee from the Canadian League who was the brightest find of training camp, understudying Stabler. And there's always 47-year-old George Blunda, who seems destined to play the game until he qualifies as a U.S. National Monument.

Stabler's percentage won't be hurt by his receivers, a sure-handed lot led by Fred Biletnikoff, a nine-year vet who had 48 receptions for 660 yards against frustrating double coverages in '73, moving him to fourth on the alltime list among active receivers. Mike Siani, who caught 45 for 742 yards, complements Biletnikoff well, as does Tight End Bob Moore (34 for 375 yards)—assuming he does not lose his job to rookie Dave Casper.

Oakland also rushed for 2,510 yards last season, fourth-highest in the NFL, and a lot of that yardage came behind the blocking of Left Guard Gene Upshaw. Murv Hubbard, who has added

continued

For the last 11 years no other team in professional football has practiced its art with the consistent success of the Oakland Raiders, whose 103-40-11 record for the period is the NFL's best. Yet *Pro Football's Dynamic Organization*, as Oakland styles itself, advertises its lusty accomplishment with a muted sell, for along with the impressive statistics that have detailed its winning seasons, one line consistently appears in Raider press brochures: "The ultimate goal of the Raiders is a world championship and the organization is working long hours to achieve that goal."

Whether or not this season finally expunges the future tone from this passage,

moves to his old battering-ram explosive new, gained 903 yards and, at 28, has just reached his prime. Charlie Smith, a six-year veteran who gained 682 yards, and the wrenchlike Clarence Davis (609 yards) are also proficient as pass receivers. As for the kicking game, Blanda again should demonstrate, in his 25th season, that his strong suit is accuracy. George kicked 20 of 22 field goals inside the 40-yard line last year; with the rule change, that's long enough. Ray Guy, the well-publicized rookie who was the team's No. 1 draft choice in 1973, narrowly missed the NFL punting championship, losing out to Kansas City's Jerrel Wilson, 45.5 yards to 45.3.

Oakland gave up 175 points last year, fewer than everyone but Miami and Minnesota. With a front line that may include the rehabilitated Bubba Smith, the Raiders should stop a lot of teams at single-digit scores, which they did on six occasions a year ago. The savvy Smith front four of Tony Cline, Art Thoms, Otis Sistrunk and Horace Jones helped sack the quarterback 40 times, and All-Pro Cornerback Willie Brown, 33, Nemiah Wilson, George Atkinson and Jack Tatum intercepted 17 passes. The secondary gained youth when Alonzo (Skip) Thomas, 24, took a starting cornerback job away from the 31-year-old Wilson. The linebacking will be strong if Dan Conners matches the performances he had before he ran into the Dolphins. Flanking him are Phil Villapiano and Gerald Irons.

The Denver Broncos will be overpowering eventually, according to optimistic Coach John Ralston, who makes the Reverend Ike sound like a worrywart. "Last year we went down to the wire with Oakland," Ralston says. "Now we assume we're better, and we certainly are more confident. Our attitude used to be, 'Well, we'd like to win, but we probably won't.' Now we know we can beat anybody. We're getting closer all the time. It's going to happen, there's no question about it. It's just a matter of when."

Ralston has the offense to turn "when" into "now," as long as Quarterback Charley Johnson stays healthy. In 1973, despite a pecky strand of cantaloupe that kept floating into and locking his knee joint, Johnson threw 20 touchdown passes as Denver scored 354 points, high-

est in the AFC. Johnson endured his fourth knee operation in the off-season and should be ready to direct an offense that is slightly more ground-oriented.

In Floyd Little, who rushed for 979 yards and 12 touchdowns, Ralston has one of the finest running backs in the game as well as a leader who exemplifies his team's confidence. When Ralston drafted Otis Armstrong last year, he apologized to Little for acquiring a running back who would compete for Little's job. Floyd answered, "Hey coach, it's O.K. He'll just sit there on the bench and watch Otis Floyd play anyhow."

Little, Armstrong and rookie Jon Keyworth, perhaps the Broncos' best fullback since Cookie Gilchrist, should keep the ground game potent. Ralston's No. 3 draft choice, 6'4", 289-pound Tackle Claude Minor, is not only big, he has fast feet, too. While Riley Odoms may be the best tight end in the game, Ralston is none too deep in pass catchers, even with the acquisition of Otto Snow from Dallas, and thus will take the calculated risk of playing Bill Van Heusen, his punter, as a wide receiver.

The somewhat uncertain Denver defense should benefit from the trade for John Rower from Pittsburgh. But the Broncos will be tough against the run at

least, as they employ their odd front alignments, sometimes using four linebackers. Another immediate problem is the schedule: the first three games are with Los Angeles, Pittsburgh and Washington. Ouch.

At Kansas City, Hank Stram's big problems are keeping Quarterback Len Dawson free of injury and regaining the rollicking style that used to mark the Chiefs' performances. "Bear Bryant once said to me that the more you win, the more conservative you get," Stram says, "which made me reflect on our situation. We won so big we got away from our personality. We want to recapture the big play in our attack and the enthusiasm that's been our style."

To that end, Stram's top draft choice was Woody Green, a big-play speedster who "looks like he has the ability to do it all." But Green chipped a collarbone against Dallas, which for the time being, at least, leaves the prospective long-gainers up to Ed Podolak, the team's leading rusher last season. Charlie Geitzy, a No. 2 draft pick, seems ready to take over at left tackle for 35-year-old Jim Tyrer, who was traded to the Washington Redskins, but Stram may not as easily replace Mo Moorman, a starting guard who retired from professional football to enter business.

Were Dawson to stay healthy all season, the Chiefs' offensive woes would diminish greatly. But Dawson, 39, missed eight games last year, and Mike Livingston, who replaced him, moved the team erratically at best. Rookie David Jaynes is the quarterback heir apparent, but Stram would rather not use him much this season.

Kansas City's greatest strength is its defense, which should be good for at least one more big year. Willie Lanier, the All-Pro middle linebacker, has indicated he will retire after this season, and Curley Culp is playing out his option on the way to the WFL. The Chiefs have been sliding, but the right combination of new people and old defenders could stop the decline.

No such hope exists for San Diego, even under the tutelage of Tommy Prothro, one of football's headiest coaches. The Chargers won only two games last year and may not match that this time.

—RON REED
CONTINUED

Tommy Prothro
SAN DIEGO CHARGERS



To know pipe tobacco you have to know tobacco plant anatomy.

Like people, all tobacco leaves are created equal. Only some are more equal than others. It mostly depends upon what part of the stalk you come from.

With pipe tobacco, if you're on upper stalk leaf you're in high society. But if you're lower stalk tobacco, you're just one of the common folk.



TOBACCO STALK TALK

A tobacco stalk not only has its own social strata, it also has its own vocabulary. Let's start at the bottom and work our way up.

PRIMINGS: These are the first leaves to ripen on the lower half of the stalk. Which is their problem as far as good pipe tobaccos are concerned. Because primings are first to mature, they tend to be over-ripe. Primings smoke mild, but offer very little in the taste and flavor departments.

LUGS: More often than not these leaves are thin and highly delicate. Therefore, they have to be handled as carefully as bone china. Lugs do not provide many pluses for superior pipe tobaccos. Their taste is bland and they deliver very little bouquet or character. The saving grace for lugs is that they help a blend burn evenly.

CUTTERS: Ideally, cutters are harvested at the peak of their maturity. Most of the time these mid-point leaves straddle the line between good and also-rans. (Many are so good they often find their way into the Amphora blend.) The main attributes of cutters are their "body" and good color.

LEAVES: Now we've arrived at the really good stuff. Leaves usually fetch the highest prices because they are fully matured and require shorter periods of aging and fermenting. Leaves are the best looking tobaccos. They're also thicker and firmer than the downtown leaves which makes them easier to handle. But their most desired qualities are character, bouquet and flavor.

TIPS: If selected correctly tips are the "real thing" when it comes to quality pipe tobaccos. Because tips remain in the fields after the other leaves have been harvested all the nutritional elements rise up from the roots, through the stalk, directly and solely to the tips. Potentially, therefore, there is an overabundant amount of "goodness" in tips. But since tips are picked before they are fully ripened they require aging and fermenting to arouse their latent excellence.

NOW THAT YOU KNOW THE DIFFERENCE

We're not going to stand here and tell you that we use only upper stalk tobaccos in Amphora. Because we don't. Nobody does. It's just that some pipe tobaccos use more lower stalk leaves than others. We use enough of the lower stalk tobaccos to make Amphora burn evenly. (See information on lugs.) Other than that we're an upper-stalk blend.

There are two ways for us to obtain these better tobaccos. The first method is to pay top dollar at tobacco auctions all over the world. And that we do more often than not.

The second way is more difficult and requires an experienced eye. Our competitors examine but often do not buy some of the leaves we desire. As an example, because leaves have a better appearance than tips they command a higher price. But we know that tips have greater intrinsic value because of all the "sleeping" nutrients they possess. Other pipe tobacco manufacturers will not go to the expense or will not take the time to wake up these dormant qualities.

We have over 200 years of experience in bringing out the best in pipe tobacco.



OUR SECRET CAVENDISH PROCESS MAKES IT HAPPEN

Buying top grade tobacco is one thing. Knowing what to do with them is another. It takes a great deal of time and experience to bring out the best of the leaves that we buy from around the world. For instance we age and ferment our tobaccos for over a year. Just to make them mellow and soft smoking. Extra mild.

And later, when we press these upper stalk tobaccos into our Cavendish "cakes", all the character, flavor and pleasing aroma emerge to be forever united into one great pipe tobacco.



Named Amphora.

This is the fourth in a series of advertisements that explain how pipe tobaccos are grown and blended. If you desire a complete set of these ads please write: President, Douve's Esquimaux, Inc., 8943 Fallbright Ave., Chatsworth, Calif. 91311.

P.S. If you have any questions about pipes and pipe tobacco, please address your inquiries to our President at the above address.



Tom Landry
DALLAS COWBOYS

This division is no longer the exclusive province of Washington and Dallas. The reviving city of Philadelphia, which has shouldered its way to the forefront of hockey and baseball, not to mention box lacrosse, is now ready to make its presence felt in the NFL. That's right, fans! Watch out for the Eagles!

The turnaround in Philadelphia started last year with the arrival of Coach Mike McCormack. Only five of the 22 regulars he inherited will be starting this Sunday, and three of those will be at new positions. Last season McCormack transformed the Eagles' offense from the third-worst in football into the second-best. The hero some Philadelphians prefer "the messiah" was Roman Gabriel, the ex-Los Angeles Ram quarterback who was the only passer in the NFL to throw for more than 3,000 yards. His main targets were 6'8" Harold Carmichael, whose 67 receptions led the league,

NATIONAL EAST

and 6'4" Tight End Charles Young, who made All-Pro as a rookie and led all tight ends with 55 catches. Along with 6'3" Don Zimmerman, these receivers were known as the Fire High Gang because, as the story goes, whenever Gabriel called a passing play, one of them would say, "Fire high, baby."

Philadelphia also moved the ball well along the ground. Off-injured Running Back Norm Bulach played in all 14 games, gained 436 yards and caught 42 passes for 403 more. Tom Sullivan, who paints in the Impressionist manner and spent a month in the off-season touring the Everglades in a canoe, ran for a surprising 968 yards and caught 50 passes. They were aided by the blocking of three players McCormack got in the first two rounds of the draft: Tackle Jerry Sisemore, Center Guy Morris, and Young.

Defense, unfortunately, was a different story. Only twice all year did the Eagles hold opponents to fewer than 23 points. McCormack is trying to change Philadelphia from a roading defense to an aggressive one. His prime objective throughout the off-season was to land an intimidating middle linebacker. The day after the Eagles opened their training camp, he traded his first draft choice in 1977 and his first and second in 1978 to Cincinnati for Bill Bergey. "Bergey," says McCormack, "is a defensive Roman Gabriel." In the pursuit of aggression the Eagles also acquired 6'3" Chicago Bear Cornerback Charlie Ford, known as "The Blade" for his slim build and hitting technique.

The Eagles still have their shortcomings. Despite encouraging preseason performances by their young quarterbacks, John Reaves and rookie Mike Boryla,



Don Correll
ST. LOUIS CARDINALS

they rely heavily on Gabriel. Last year, in their second game against Dallas, whom they had already beaten once, the Eagles were leading 10-0 before Gabriel got hurt. They lost 31-10. Now Gabriel has to lead teammates who were angered by his apparent anti-union stance during the strike. The defensive line is somewhat unsettled and inexperienced and, significantly, many of the defensive players profess a low opinion of the team's defensive coaches. Still, the Eagles are coming fast.

Dallas must still be considered the favorite, but a morale problem endangers that status. Traditionally, the Cowboys have been a triumph of speed and power over emotionalism. They have never been a happy group. "If they were a close-knit team, no one would ever touch them," says one veteran Redskin. Now Dallas may have more internal problems than it can suppress.

The strike was a divisive force. "It got to be a black-white thing on this team, and it could tear everything up," says

around

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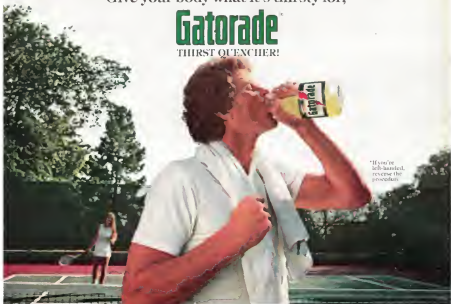
Grasp top and twist counter-clockwise with left hand (this produces maximum topspin).



In one continuous motion, lift off top with left, sweep bottle up to lips with right, tip head back, and . . .

Give your body what it's thirsty for,

Gatorade
THIRST QUENCHER!



*If you're left-handed, reverse the procedure.

Quaker State presents a driver's savings plan.



Nowadays you're probably not doing as much driving as you used to. But as strange as it may seem, the less you use your car—not giving it the regular workout it needs—the more care it needs.

Why? Because contaminants build up in an under-used car. Some of these are soot, grit and acids. They can damage vital engine parts and lead to costly repairs. But if you follow these suggestions, you can save yourself some money in the long run.

Change your oil when your owner's manual suggests. And make sure you're using premium quality motor oil. There's none finer than Quaker State, refined from 100% Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil. It just may help you keep your car—and your hard-earned money—a little longer.

Quaker State your car to keep it running young.

Wide Receiver Bob Hayes. And defections to the WFL have hit the Cowboys harder than any other team. Already, eight Dallas veterans have decided to jump. Most prominent is Calvin Hill, a 1,000-yard rusher the last two seasons. There has always been a question about Hill's durability; now there are additional questions about his lame-duck status and his feelings as a disappointed player representative.

For all their troubles, the Cowboys are loaded with talent. Roger Staubach led the league in passing last year. On defense, Ed (Too Tall) Jones, the first player taken in the NFL draft, should eventually win a starting spot at end, and in passing situations will team with another end, Harvey Banks Martin, to give Dallas its biggest pass rush in years. Defensive Tackle Bob Lilly has returned for his 14th season in surprisingly sound condition, and Linebacker Lee Roy Jordan improves with age. He had his best year in 1973, winning All-Pro honors.

One glaring weakness could be the kicking game. Placekicker Tom Fritsch needed surgery on his left knee after he was cut down on a kickoff in an exhibition game and will be lost for the season. Fritsch's replacement, free agent Harry Kokolus, pulled a muscle and his replacement, George Hunt, has missed his last three extra-point attempts.

The Redskins thought they had found the answer to their kicking woes. After erratic Curt Knight retired, saying he would never play for George Allen again, the Skins signed Mark Moseley, a free agent cut loose by Houston last year. Moseley was flawless in the early exhibitions, so much so that his performance seemed too good to be true. It was. He missed two extra points in a two-point loss to the Steelers.

While critics gleefully anticipated the decline and fall of the Allen empire, Allen stayed, as always, one step ahead of the game. He traded three draft choices—what else is new?—for the rights to Safety Bryant Sulter, who had played out his option in San Diego, and beat out the WFL by signing him. He also became the first coach to trade for a player who had signed with the new league when he got Running Back Larry Smith from Los Angeles.

Allen thrives on controversy. He talked his most consistent lineman, Defensive End Ron McDole, out of returning, then picked up insurance by acquiring 35-year-old San Diego End Deacon Jones, who made headlines this year only because he was fined for drug abuse. McDole and Jones both play the left side and both were expecting to start, which created an impossible situation coaches other than Allen try to avoid.

The Redskins still have plenty of strength. Billy Kilmer should be better now that postseason surgery has cleared an intestinal block that had him commuting from the hospital to the playing field. Charley Taylor, the leading active receiver in football, and Roy Jefferson are a good pass-catching, blocking pair. Running Back Larry Brown has rid himself of persistent injuries and the personal hurt he felt last year over a contract dispute (and Washington's acquisition of Duane Thomas to help settle that dispute). The Redskin defense led the league with 53 sacks and finished second in interceptions with 26.

Yet there are question marks. Last sea-

son the offensive line was hobbled by leg injuries that resulted in a league-low 3.1 yards per rush. Now Tackle Terry Hermeling is out with a knee injury, and Allen is desperately patching with players who would be considered over the hill elsewhere. To make matters worse, Running Back Charlie Harraway jumped to the WFL and the status of his replacement, the talented but moody Thomas, is a continuing mystery. And Allen has yet to find a middle linebacker in whom he can place complete confidence.

Of course, not everyone can be a contender. The St. Louis Cardinals have suffered through three straight 4-9-1 seasons. That streak and their other one—two straight years without a player in the Pro Bowl—should continue. Last year new Coach Don Coryell got the team's offense untracked. When the Cards scored more than 30 points, which they did four times, they won. Otherwise, it was no soap. The team fired head coach Dan Fouts in defense. So what did the Cardinals do? They traded for San Francisco Running Back Ken Willard. And they drafted Tight End J. V. Cam of Colorado, even though they already had a tight end in Jackie Smith. Smith and Cam will play at the same time, with one or the other splitting wide on most plays. Then, during the preseason, St. Louis acquired Chicago Wide Receiver Earl Thomas, who can also play tight end.

The New York Giants have a new director of operations, Andy Robustelli, and a new coach, Bill Arnsparger, who had the title of assistant head coach under Don Shula in Miami. Together, they have brought much-needed organization to a team that all too often has been run paternally instead of professionally. The Giants are building. Their first two draft picks, Ohio State's John Hicks and Southwest Missouri State's Tom Mulken, will start on the offensive line. Their third pick, Linebacker Rick Dvorak of Wichita State, is being trained at the "53" position Arnsparger made famous at Miami and which he plans to use extensively in New York. The Giants appear to be on the road up, but it's a long road and in the National East there are no shortcuts.

—JOE MARSHALL
CONTINUED

Mike McCormack
PHILADELPHIA EAGLES





Abe Gibrón
CHICAGO BEARS

The National Central is where it all began, the division that is venerated and exalted for its founding of the pro game and feared and admired for its traditional rock-'em-sock-'em, put-it-to-'em style of play. Old-fashioned crunch football. Influte the ball and they're ready. Straightforward men playing a brutally direct game. Chicago. George Halas and the Monsters of the Midway. Green Bay: Vince Lombardi and Titletown U.S.A. Detroit: the fierce Lions winning championships under Coach Buddy Parker and Quarterback Bobby Layne.

Those are the glories of the past. It is different now. Asked about his team's basic strengths and weaknesses, a Chicago man says, "The Bears have no basic strengths." Fans are restless, players frustrated, coaches suffer from rampant insecurities. At Green Bay, Dan Devine looks nervously over his shoulder at Bart Starr, the Packers' old hero, waiting in

NATIONAL CENTRAL

the wings. Chicago's Abe Gibrón almost certainly will get the ax unless the Bears start to win. In Detroit, Rick Forzano was hired in a hurry by the Lions' owner, Bill Ford, after the sudden death of Coach Don McCafferty. Forzano was Ford's personal choice for the job, yet it's likely to be a short romance. Everything is friendly, but there is no long-term contract. Produce immediate results, or else.

For these three coaches it is a fight for survival, and it's an unfair fight. They are good men, first-rate professionals who deserve better, but the unsettled conditions in professional football this year make their jobs even more difficult. Unrest, strikes, name-calling, WFL raids, the logistics of dealing with unwieldy squads of 60, 70 or 80 players. "I haven't had a quiet meal since the rookies reported on July 10th," says Devine, trying to deal with crisis piled on crisis.

The one island of calm and accomplishment is in Minnesota, home of the Vikings, by decades the youngest member of the division. No siege atmosphere here. The Vikings stand alone. With two visits to the Super Bowl behind him and a new five-year contract tucked away in his pocket, Coach Bud Grant is untroubled. Not even a clutch of unsigned players and a powerful Players' Association lobby can shake the loeman's glacial calm.

"The strike will leave no problems," says Defensive Back Charlie West. "We're people of the moment, and at this moment it's all football." The sentiment is reassuring, but of greater import is West's return to health from knee surgery. The Vikes need this talented Kamikaze to run back kickoffs and to serve as swing man in the secondary. Minnesota



Bud Grant
MINNESOTA VIKINGS

ta could use better depth throughout the defense, since age is beginning to catch up with those stalwarts, particularly the famous front four. Yet the oldest, 36-year-old End Jim Marshall, never looked better, and the quartet seems ready to swing again. Indeed, the decline of the Viking defense is not so much a result of advancing age as it is of changes in the game. The defensive structure was designed primarily to combat the pass, but in the last season or two the emphasis in the NFL has veered toward the run. Minnesota's opponents are doing just that, running by the awesome pass rush. And not only Larry Csonka: less powerful runners are succeeding against Minnesota. The Vikings hope to correct this by altering priorities, with the line reading on the run and accepting greater responsibilities for its lanes. A very bright secondary plays its part smoothly, filling the holes and stopping the footrace with admirable efficiency. Middle Linebacker

continued

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A classic case of penny-wise and sound foolish.

Drop a TDK ED cassette in there next time and hear the difference. An absolutely stunning difference. Vibrant sound, rich in color and detail, with the depth and harmonics that were there when the music happened.

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Wait till you hear
what you've been missing.



It's not that easy.

The people who've been bringing millions of big cars into the world for years and years aren't bragging much about big cars these days.

They've taken up another city. Today they're "the small car experts."

The contention is a bit farfetched. But



A small car shouldn't be a big car made smaller.

they must figure if they say it loud enough and often enough, you'll begin to believe them.

For us at Fiat, small car expertise came not as painlessly or as suddenly. We've been making small cars for 70 years. And little by little we've made them better and better.

The difference between our slow evolution and their instant knowledge is obvious in the cars we make.

The Fiat 124 has almost a foot more legroom than a Maverick, a Nova, a Mustang II, and a Capri. In fact, it even gives you more legroom than an Eldorado, an Imperial, and a Continental.

The 124 isn't low and sleek like some of Detroit's small cars. Instead it gives you more headroom than a Mercedes 450 and a Rolls Royce.

Most people who make small cars really want to tell you something else.



EXPERTS.



This height, plus exceptionally large windows, keeps you from the claustrophobia those little small cars are becoming famous for.

The backseat of the 124 isn't the typical all car backseat. You don't have to be a contortionist to get into it. And you don't have to a 5-year-old. There's enough room in the back for two people 6'6" without their knees sticking up around their chins.

The 124 doesn't only have a real backseat, it has a real trunk that will hold 7 pieces of luggage for those 4 full-sized people.

Unlike many small cars, the 124 isn't underpowered. It has good acceleration, and will rise faster than you'd normally care to go. The car holds solidly to the road. It corners flat and steers precisely. (These qualities are unique

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Of course, we did learn a few things from the big car boys. Our 124 comes with automatic transmission and air conditioning.

Now it's their turn to learn a few things from us.

FIAT

The biggest selling car in Europe.



Automatic and air conditioning available on select models.
Always wear your seat belt.

Jeff Siemon and Cornerback Bob Bryant are particularly impressive.

If the defense is less effective than it used to be, it is still good enough to win. And the offense is better than ever. At times Fran Tarkenton, the most controversial Georgia Peach since Ty Cobb, is simply astonishing. Last year the notorious scambler practiced economy, running around and throwing less often but with greater purpose. The Vikings made the Super Bowl as Tarkenton completed 61.7% of his passes, while having only seven interceptions, fewest among starting NFL quarterbacks. It was a virtuoso performance, and his accompaniment was often as good. Rookie Running Back Chuck Foreman was sensational, gaining 801 yards in his professional debut, and Wide Receiver John Gilliam proved a perfect target for Tarkenton's tosses. Gilliam developed an uncanny knack for sensing the busted play and coming back upfield to rescue a pass.

Although Tarkenton dismisses the Super Bowl as a circus and a pageant "for the press," he and the Vikings would like another go at the big game. Minnesota's chances to visit New Orleans in January depend on Grant's ability to infuse new blood into an old offensive line and find a receiver good enough to pair with the gifted Gilliam.

At Green Bay, Fuzzy Thurston, an alum from the Lombardi era, was commiserating with the new Packers on their floundering offense. "At the end, we had trouble with the sweep," said the former left guard with refreshing candor, "and we never could make the screen work."

"Damn, nothing's changed," replied a young Packer cynic. "Our problem is an offensive imagination so dim it wouldn't light a 10-watt bulb." A less passionate analysis of the situation might blame the quarterbacks instead of the system. Whatever the reason, a relentless diet of line smashes has stacked defenses against Green Bay. As a result, John Brockington and MacArthur Lane, a fine tandem of heavy-duty backs, often ran into as many as six defensive players jammed on the line, with grunting safeties perched at their backs. For want of enough passes, the good Tight End Rich McGeorge ingenuously classified himself as "the third tackle." Mean-

while, Dan Devine vigorously, perhaps too vigorously, looked for the solution: the right quarterback. The heir apparent is Jerry Tagge but journeyman Jack Concannon's savvy and mobility could win the job. Neither Tagge nor Concannon is a long-term answer, but the Packers will settle for short, instant relief. Too bad the game can't be played without quarterbacks—in that case, Green Bay could once again be selling tickets to the Super Bowl.

The lack of offense placed an insuperable burden on the Green Bay defense. "I believe the defense was on the field too long and just wore out," says Brockington. And the defensive picture was further clouded by a leg injury to bludgeon Cornerback Willie Buchanan. When it is healthy and not overburdened, the defense is Green Bay's strength. It is the last team in pro football to use man-for-man pass coverage, and it is probably the only one that has talent enough to handle that demanding assignment. A strong linebacking corps has been bolstered by the acquisition of tall Ted Hendricks from Baltimore in what can be called a short-term lend-lease deal. "Next year," says Hendricks, "I'm off to Jacksonville and the NFL." No mat-

ter, the Packers are borrowing time. For the future there is Rookie Steve Odom, a quick, tough little punt returner who lifts Devine's depressed spirits every time he gets his hands on the ball. Under the new rules this promises to be the season of the long return, which gives Devine hope.

"The unusual play, the unexpected, gives a team momentum and wins ball games," he observes, "and we just might come up with more than our share of those important plays."

In Chicago there doesn't even seem to be hope, only grating complaints. Last year Running Back Joe Moore demanded to know why he was being traded for World War III. When dealt to the Bears from St. Louis, Center Wayne Mulligan moaned, "I asked to be traded, traded anywhere, but that didn't mean to the Bears." Mulligan never reported to Chicago. This year Moore, Carl Garrett and Jim Harrison, the club's best running backs, all asked to be traded.

Abe Gibrin is trying his best to turn the Bears around. And trades are helping, including one for Philadelphia Defensive End Rich Harris that rounded out a powerful rush line that has Dave Galleguer at the other end, and Wally Chambers and Jim Osborne at tackles.

Furthermore, Gibrin has installed a classy passer at quarterback in Gary Huff and has high hopes for a rookie tight end named Jim Kelly, who will curl into the middle, bust the zone and, oh yes, catch the football. Still far from being contenders, the Bears are at least striving, and in Chicago that may be enough to muffle the jeers.

Detroit's Rick Forzano is a ball-control disciple, the kind who believes in hanging tough, biting the bullet, and grinding it out. With a sloppy defense and the Lions' penchant for trying the big play, Forzano's Sundays will be long and grim. They will get even grimmer when Quarterback Bill Munson starts throwing deep to his wide receivers—they dropped the ball 36 times last year. The toughest ordeal may be the locker-room harangues by Owner Ford, which may weigh heavier than dropped passes, fckless tackling and all the rest. How's your stomach, Rick?

—MORRIS SHARNIK
CONTINUED



RICK FORZANO
DETROIT LIONS



Someone you love has had a heart attack. You can panic. Or you can save his life.

It happens with terrifying suddenness. What do you do? Try and comfort him? Call for help? Call a doctor and hope he arrives in time?

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We'd like to urge you to get that training. Before you need it.

There's a life-saving technique currently being used with great success by hospitals and by rescue squads. It's called Cardio-Pulmonary Resuscitation (CPR), but don't be scared off by the name. It can be learned in as little as 3 hours.

We can't teach CPR, but there are many qualified organizations who can—your local Heart Association and Red Cross among them. Contact one of these. And if you write us, we'll

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Where the future is now

NATIONAL WEST



Dick Nixon
SAN FRANCISCO 49ERS

It is indicative of the awesome strength of the Los Angeles Rams that those who root against them talk about John Hadl as though the physical condition of the 34-year-old quarterback was their one weak spot. "If Hadl gets hurt," says a wistful San Francisco 49er fan, "they might not be so tough. They lose him, they could be in trouble."

Maybe, but Hadl is tougher than a boiled combat boot, he last sat out a game with an injury when he was in the eighth grade. And he operates now behind an offensive line more protective than a housemother's convention. Hadl aside, the Rams are glutted with enough talent to breeze to their division title with Sam Yorty playing quarterback. With Hadl on the job, the Rams are a leading contender for the NFL championship.

Chuck Knox, a businesslike technician, directed his team to a 12-2 regular-season record last year, his first as head coach, and could have been undefeated but for three points which added up to two

losses. The Rams were first in the league offense and were first in defense, too. They led everybody in scoring and rushed for 2,925 yards, the third-highest total in NFL history.

Knox left himself with a tough act to follow but he says, "What we did a year ago is a thing of the past. You can't dream about what you did in the past. The only things that count in this business are what you do today and what you will do tomorrow."

What the Rams did well in '73, they firmly expect to do again in '74. "I think we'll have as good or better a season than last year," says Hadl, "if we stay healthy and keep our heads. We're more mature now that we've been down the road together a little bit."

"We're a better football team at this point than a year ago," Knox says, "but our goals are still the same. We try to go out every day and have an excellent practice. We try to be a little better as a team and as individuals than we were yesterday. We constantly strive to upgrade the individual performance levels of our players. You do that and the winning takes care of itself."

The upgrading philosophy undoubtedly is sound but most Los Angeles fans would settle for mere repetition from Hadl, who was named NFC Player of the Year after he threw 22 touchdown passes and, in marked contrast to most of his seasons in San Diego, only 11 interceptions. His favorite target in 1973 was Harold Jackson, a 5'10" speedster whose receptions accounted for 874 yards and 13 touchdowns.

The Rams' basic strength is a running attack that in camp looked like something out of Pardon. Lawrence McCutcheon set a club record in 1973 with 1,097 yards and Jim Bertelsen had 854. Backing up that fine pair were Tony Baker, a



Chuck Knox
LOS ANGELES RAMS

short-yardage zealot who scored seven of the team's 18 touchdowns rushing, and Rob Simbier, who averaged 5.5 yards per carry.

Most coaches would be ecstatic with that running talent, but Knox really had too much, what with Les Josephson, the Rams' third-leading rusher of all time, and Heisman Trophy winner John Cappelletti, their No. 1 draft choice. Cappelletti looked remarkably impressive in the exhibition season, causing one Ram official to say, "He's good enough to play this game for the next 10 years." Knox also added a bull elephant to his corral when the poetically named William Cullen Bryant, a 227-pound body-builder, was switched from defensive back and gained 117 yards on 11 carries in his first game at his new position. For whatever it's worth, Bryant wears No. 32 on his jersey, just like Jim Brown and O.J. Simpson.

Defensively, the Rams yielded but 178 points last season. Led by the front four

continued



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At Oshkosh B Gosh tradition means good fit, good wear.
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from Oshkosh B Gosh



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of Jack Youngblood, Merlin Olsen, Larry Brooks and Fred Dryer, they dropped the quarterback 45 times. Los Angeles intercepted 20 passes and allowed but 10 touchdowns through the air. The secondary, led by Dave Elmerdorf, should be even better after the year's experience, and Knox has almost an excess of linebackers.

"Basically," Knox says, "it's the same offense and same defense as last year, with refinements." The Knox refining methods earned the Rams a stunning 31-13 preseason conquest of Miami.

At Atlanta the outlook is for more fan frustration, even though Coach Norm Van Brocklin insists this will be the Falcons' year. "Our boys know they can win it," says the Dutchman. "What they have to learn now is how to. And how to is to keep their noses to the grindstone. Last year we lost our concentration."

For two seasons now the Falcons have blown a playoff shot by losing key games late in the year. There are those who think Van Brocklin's coaching methods are to blame, and that the Falcons will be hurt by lingering rancor over the players' strike. The well-publicized trade of Ken Reeves, the Falcon player representative, at the outset of the strike hardly served to smooth things between Van Brocklin and his players. Discounting other factors, the deal remains questionable. Reeves, a cornerback who played in all 112 Falcon games and Guard Andy Maurer, who publicly criticized Van Brocklin in the off-season, were sent to New Orleans for Guard Royce Smith and Linebacker Dick Palmer, neither of whom are expected to notably improve Atlanta's chances. "That was the dumbest trade since George Allen gave up John Zook and Harold Jackson for Izzy Lang," says one NFL scout.

Atlanta's offensive line has been seriously hampered by injuries. Left Tackle Bill Sandeman had surgery on his back and will be out for the season, while Guard Len Gotshalk, who started several games last year, suffered a preseason knee injury that could keep him out of the opener against Dallas.

Another question mark, an ironic one for the South, is General Lee—Quarterback Bob Lee, to be precise. A backup player at Minnesota most of his career, Lee complet-

ed 52.2% of his passes for 1,786 yards and 10 touchdowns. Whether he can do it again remains to be seen. "Who can predict something like that?" Lee says. "I do feel I'm capable of being a better quarterback than I was last year." If not, 1971 Heisman Trophy winner Pat Sullivan may take over. The rushing chores will fall to Dave Hampton, who just missed 1,000 yards for the second straight season, and Eddie Ray or Art Malone. Sylvester (Molly) McGee, a 16th-round draft pick from Rhode Island, led the team's rushers in the exhibition season. Trackman Gerald Tinker, the club's top runner, failed to impress as a punt returner or wide receiver, but his cockiness remained undiminished. "I may be only 5'9" and 170," the Olympic gold-medal relay runner says, "but on the field I'm 6'2" and 225. I'm here to stay." That prompted a veteran to reply, "He'd better do a little more stretching in practice."

There may not be enough practice time for San Francisco and New Orleans, who seem destined to wage another stirring struggle for the division cellar. The retirement of Charlie Krueger leaves the

49ers woefully weak at defensive tackle, and their success at running the ball depends on rookie Wilbur Jackson, the No. 1 draft choice from Alabama. Jackson hobbled around on a gimpy ankle through most of the exhibition season while veteran Larry Schreiber and other rookies played unimpressively. Coach Dick Nolan said Steve Spurrier would be his quarterback now that John Brodie has retired, but now Spurrier is out for two months with a shoulder separation and reserve Joe Reed has not yet shown poise. However, Nolan will be well served by his secondary and a corps of receivers led by Gene Washington.

The 49ers probably set an NFL record with 10 off-season knee operations, including Spurrier's, but the club ultimately may suffer more from various psychological troubles. The strike merely added to an unsettled preseason for Nolan, who compounded his own problems when he traded Vic Washington, who scored eight touchdowns and led the team in rushing last season. Washington was a problem himself, but he was a player Nolan could ill afford to lose. Yet he was sent to Houston after a training camp dispute that shook some of the players and renewed complaints that Nolan is a bad communicator.

Brodie's retirement necessitated the development of a new offensive system, and the upcoming WFL defections of Ted Kwalick, Jim Snaredeck, John Isenburger and Dick Wicher required some trades. Nolan also was criticized for playing his veterans too long in their first exhibition game, in which eight players were injured. How quickly Nolan can bring cohesion to his team will determine the 49ers' fate.

Archie Manning should keep New Orleans competitive at least part of the time, though what the Saints can do about their kittenish pass rush remains to be seen. Coach John North helped his offensive picture by acquiring Wide Receiver Fair Hooker from the Browns and Tackle Dave Thompson from the Lions. The Saints' defense has gained a measure of consistency, and North expects a big year from Defensive End Billy Newsome and Middle Linebacker Joe Foderpsiel. Still, when you're against the Rams, any improvement is relative.

—RON REID

John North
NEW ORLEANS SAINTS



CONTINUED

Paul Brown
CINCINNATI BENGALS



Don Shula
MIAMI DOLPHINS



Howard Schnitzenger
BALTIMORE COLTS



Don Evans
GREEN BAY PACKERS



Norm Van Brocklin
ATLANTA FALCONS





Bill Arnsparger
NEW YORK GIANTS



Hank Stram
KANSAS CITY CHIEFS

PRO FOOTBALL *continued*

EVER SEE SO MANY GENIUSES?

The NFL coaches are perceptively and irreverently described by an old fan

by **DAN JENKINS**

If it happens to be true that pro football has become more important to the average American than aluminum foil or Baggies, then why is it that up until a few months ago I thought Bill Arnsparger was the name of a guy who either drove at Indy or held the world high-jump record? None of the average Americans in any of the saloons where I go knew beforehand that he was "the best man available" for the head coaching job of the New York Giants. And they certainly didn't know, as a matter of fact, that in Miami it was Bill Arnsparger, and not Don Shula, who actually originated the Flew-Tackle-Umbrella-Voodoo-Zone and the Psychiatric No-Name Investment Counselor for Unhappy Cornerbacks.

It seems to me and my average American friends that since there are only 26 of those head coaching jobs in the whole sophisticated, intellectual, worldly National Football League—counting the Houston Oilers as a team, of course—that all of the coaching geniuses we read about in the papers and hear about on television, in all fairness to the public, ought to be named Knute or Bear.

They are not, however, and this creates a problem for us no matter how many times we hear the following dialogue on TV:

"There was some question about whether Schnellenberger could do the job at Baltimore, Pat Summerall, but he's got those Colts fighting mad today."

"Right you are, Ray Scott."

Not so long ago I would have flunked any quiz that involved naming all of the current NFL head coaches. My experience has been that every time I get used to one he

continued

gets fired for losing an exhibition game to New England.

For instance, before I began typing this, if somebody had thrown several names at me I would have guessed that Rick Forzano was a leading welterweight contender out of Newark, that Charley Winner was a lovable comic-strip character, that John Madden wrote crime novels about Dick Nolan, private eye, that Chuck Knox was Chuck Noll, that John North—whose middle name ought to be Ringling, surely—had been trampled by an elephant, that Howard Schnellenberger invented the U-boat, that Mike McCormack was a fellow who kept turning up on ABC's *Wide World of Sports* driving a dirt-track Chevy, and that Nick Skoric and Abe Gibrone, out of Cleveland and Chicago, had gone legit and were rumored to be buying the Tropicans in Vegas.

Naturally, the more obvious ones I would have known all about because of television and the sports pages.

Paul Brown? Sure. Invented the robot quarterback, the snap-brim hat, the film clip and the face bar on the helmet.

George Allen eats ice cream, right? And once traded his wife to three different clubs for a 47-year-old flanker.

Bud Grant fines the Vikings \$100 for smiling.

Norm Van Brocklin was a great passer and a "coach on the field." And Atlanta wishes he was a coach on the sidelines.

Hank Stram had the Offense of the '70s—for at least three hours. He wears a red coat and a black tie and carries a rolled-up game program with Lenny Dawson inside of it.

Don Shula has somehow become Vince Lombardi, which is a curious thing to happen to a former Lincoln-Mercury salesman from Painesville, Ohio.

Dan Devine, Tommy Prothro, John Ralston, Chuck Fairbanks and Don Coryell were all among the "winningest college coaches," excluding games in late November.

Lou Saban disappears a lot. But he also reappears with unbelievable frequency, and apparently he is back in Rochester, Albany, Buffalo, or wherever it is that O. J. Simpson got sentenced by the player draft.

Sid Gillman has "forgotten more football than most men know" and he is the 87th head coach the Houston Oilers have had in the last four days.

And, finally, Tom Landry created the most complicated offense in the history of football. It involves locking himself inside of a computer, writing down audibles on American flags and having them shouted to Roger Staubach in the huddle by Unitarian ministers disguised as tight ends.

So much for present images. But I don't think it's fair to let it go at this. With another sophisticated, intellectual, worldly NFL season about to descend upon us, I think all of us need to know more about the 26 geniuses of the new national pastime—right you are, Ray Scott—before several of them are fired and one of them replaces Don Shula as Vance Lombardi.

Let us study them one by one then, in the order of their importance to a game of trivia questions.

JOHN NORTH, *The Saints*.

Guys won a lot of money last year betting that John North was the name of the head coach of the Saints, even though they went 5-9, which was as good as they had ever done.

John North got to New Orleans in 1973 after eight years as the "receiver coach" of the Detroit Lions. Not too good a job when you consider that these were the years Detroit went without a passer.

He is 53, which means he spent several other seasons before that as an assistant at various colleges. John North got the head job after J. D. Roberts was fired for losing his first four exhibition games, which don't matter anyway. Especially to the players.

Owner John Mecom, who arrived in pro football like several other owners—by being in the Son business—asked around the New Orleans office if anybody on the staff was capable of coaching Archie Manning. Somebody said John North, maybe. Mecom put some private investigators on the case and they discovered that John North was the Saints' "receiver coach." They also may have found out that he was inexpensive, as coaches go.

They say John North likes to throw his cap and kick the turf a lot when things go wrong. That's good for sideline cameras.

As the Saints' public relations man, Larry Liddell, puts it, "John is just your average, dedicated, determined guy who happens to coach a pro team."

HOWARD SCHNELLENBERGER, *The Colts*.

He had a chance to learn a considerable amount as one of those lifelong-type assistants. He worked for Bear Bryant at Alabama and Blanton Collier at Kentucky and George Allen in Los Angeles. Then he worked for Shula at Miami and it was amazing what a few people like Bob Griese, Larry Csonka, Mercury Morris and Paul Warfield could do for the reputation of the man in charge of the Dolphins' offense.

It could be said that when Miami won its first Super Bowl, Howard Schnellenberger became the Armsparger of the offense. Which makes you wonder what Shula did. Couch extra points?

Schnellenberger got the Baltimore job last year because of his Miami success, but he had a problem. The Colts had an Ivy Leaguer, Marty Domres, for a quarterback. They had several veterans who expressed a desire to see General Manager Joe Thomas hanging upside down next to Mussolini in the Milan train station. And there was no offense to be in charge of.

Immediately Schnellenberger took Baltimore from a five-game winning season to a four-game winning season, and 20 NFL teams outgained the Colts, but everybody agreed there was less disension.

In the meantime Joe Thomas promises he will yet build the Colts into another Miami. He has promised this to the Baltimore owners, who are still conceding their identities because Carroll Rosenbloom made such a good deal for himself in L.A.

Schnellenberger has another major worry. Joe Thomas once fired a head coach because he wouldn't bench Johnny Unitas.

BILL ARNSPARGER, *The Giants*.

It seems like every time a pro team is searching for a new head coach the newspapers speculate that it will be Bear Bryant, Darrell Royal, Ara Parseghian, John McKay or Joe Paterno, but it usually turns out to be Bill Arnsparger.

What then happens is that the owner winds up being hated more than ever by the fans when an Arnsparger doesn't become another Lombardi—especially since the owner has already pointed out that Vince himself was once an assistant.

Wellington Mara is not a hated man, of course. Not by the Giants' 42,000 season-sickler holders. He is only hated by a

continued

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few million people who don't think he ought to move the team to another state and still call it the New York Giants.

Annunzio may have already discovered that right now there really isn't a Giant team to move, or coach. This will keep him from hearing "Goodbye Ann" up in New Haven for at least two games.

Annunzio is credited with designing the Dolphins' "famous" 5-3 defense, which the Miami sportswriters thought was something new.

His coaching colleagues call him "One More Reel" because he likes to analyze film. He has been called "brilliant" because Doug Swill developed into a good linebacker.

If Annunzio likes No-Name teams, he should be more than comfortable with the Giants.

RICK FORZANO, *The Lions*

He was the backfield coach a year ago, and for four years before that Forzano was the head coach at Navy, saying things like, "Notre Dame could double-team us with one man," and losing often. He shouldn't be blamed for losing at a service academy, however, because he took over at a time when kids were deciding it was dumb to go in any of them. It was more fun to salute a guru.

Forzano is now the Detroit coach for one year because Oon McCafferty died in late July. McCafferty had hired Forzano as the Lions' backfield coach. Not many men give up a head job to become an assistant again, but then of course Forzano was at Annapolis where the best any coach can hope for these days is to stumble into the statue of Tecumseh and suffer amnesia.

One of the first positive things Forzano managed to get done was to persuade Greg Landry to cross the picket line during the players' strike—for two days anyhow—and tell him about the Lions' offense.

I don't know what Landry could have told him, except something on the order of, "Look, Rick, I roll out a lot. Sometimes I throw a pass. But mostly we all get injured."

ABE GIBRON, *The Bears*

Abe Gibron is 5' 11", weighs over 300 pounds, has a bullfrog voice, played guard for 10 years in the NFL and for

12 years after that was an assistant coach, mostly noted for his humor, so it is hard to visualize the Bears taking him seriously as a head coach. But then not many Bears ever took George Halas seriously, either, and sometimes they won.

The Bears are still an old-fashioned family organization. The Papa Bear, now 79, is chairman of the board and probably still in charge of seeing that no player keeps his game jersey as a souvenir after the final Sunday. The son, Muggsy, is general manager. A son-in-law, Ed McCaskey, is a vice-president, and the rest of the front office is littered with Halas cronies.

Abe Gibron has been a part of the fam-



George Allen
WASHINGTON POST/STAFF

ily and will probably stay a part of it, in some capacity, even if he keeps on losing games. The players like him because he says things like, "You may be SOB's, but you're my SOB's." They also like the stories of his appetite and that somebody once said that Gibron "has the face that lunched a thousand shrimps."

In *Brown's Soup* Abe Gibron played himself.

The Bears are wonderful. One only wishes kind of wistfully that Doug Atkins were back again shooting at pigeons from the top of the stadium with Halas hollering at him to come down and join the workout.

MIKE MCCORMACK, *The Eagles*

He was an All-Pro offensive tackle for five years under Paul Brown, and he was a line coach under Otto Graham. Vince

Lombardi and George Allen. Not had company. But was he a head coach? That's what the Eagles' owner, Leonard Tose, wanted to know. Paul Brown said yes, if you were looking for class, leadership, organization, winning attitude and the ability to get along.

"Paul's recommendation was so strong," says Tose, "I had to wonder if there was a blood relationship there."

McCormack says, "I want to teach like Brown and motivate like Lombardi and Allen."

So far, it looks like he mainly wants to trade like Allen.

He gave up his heart, lungs, Harold Jackson, Tony Baker and a first-round draft choice for Roman Gabriel. He gave up two first-round choices for Bill Bergey, the linebacker. But he has brought back long hair and mustaches for the Eagles. That alone may have helped him take them to 5-8-1 last year from Ed Khayat's 2-11-1 the season before.

It will take a while to see whether the Gabriel trade works as well for Philadelphia as it did for the Rams. Somebody said that Gabriel traded himself to the Eagles, to what was the worst team in the conference, from the beaches of Southern California to the factories of the East, all of which made the Rams wonder how smart a quarterback he had ever been in the first place.

CHARLEY WINNER, *The Jets*

Assistant to Weeb Ewbank at Washington University in St. Louis, 1948. Assistant to Weeb Ewbank at Baltimore, 1954-63. Head coach at St. Louis, 1966-70 (35-30-5). Defensive backfield coach, Washington (1971-72). Linebacker coach, under Weeb Ewbank, New York Jets, 1973. Promoted to head coach under General Manager Weeb Ewbank, 1974. Oh, yeah, one other thing. Married to Weeb Ewbank's daughter.

JOHN MADDEN, *The Raiders*

What I like best about John Madden is that he wears his sideline pass tied on his belt. Presumably, he does it to make sure he can always get down on the field past the guards without any hassle, in case any of them has forgotten that Al Davis is no longer the coach.

Madden was 33, with hardly any experience, when Davis made him the

continued



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Raiders' head coach. He had been at Hancock JC in Santa Maria and at San Diego State for a total of seven years. He had been linebacker coach of the Raiders for only two years.

Madden and Davis both like to say such things as, "We complete 37% of our passes between 30 and 50 yards downfield. We aren't dull. We gamble. We attack the deep zone."

There is a widely held belief that Al Davis still runs the Raiders; that Davis has been responsible for most of the victories (47-16-7) credited to Madden in the five seasons he has now been the head coach.

Only Madden and Davis know the truth.

They also know the truth about attacking the deep zone. The Raiders were ninth in passing last year.

CHUCK KNOX, *The Rams*:

When Chuck Knox, as a rookie head coach, took the Rams to a 12-2 record last season, it proved once again that Owner Carroll Rosenbloom and General Manager Don Klosterman were either charmed or shrewd. When he owned the Colts, Rosenbloom came up with an obscure assistant three times, and all three—Webb Ewbank, Don Shula and Don McCafferty—won championships for him and, eventually, Super Bowls for themselves. As for Klosterman, the Duke of Dining Out, he had never worked anywhere—as a talent chief or general manager, from the Chargers to the old Texans (now the Chiefs), to the Oilers to the Colts and now the Rams—where the team didn't win.

Chuck Knox? He must have been the right man.

The only people who might have known Knox before 1973 were possibly Joe Namath and the guys who used to block for him. Knox helped develop the wall that protected Namath, which ultimately led the Jets to their Super Bowl victory.

What Knox had done lately, however, was help develop the offensive line of the Detroit Lions, which led ultimately nowhere. But crafty old Rosenbloom and Klosterman certainly knew what they were doing when they went out and hired Chuck Knox, a man who had never played pro ball.

They saw greatness in him. Especially because USC's John McKay had turned down the Ram job 97 times.

CHUCK NOLL, *The Steelers*:

There are four reasons, from what I gather, why Chuck Noll should not be a head football coach. He is an expert on wines, a gourmet cook, he likes classical music and he scuba-dives.

However, there are three reasons why he should be, reasons that say a lot about the unbreeding of pro coaches. He played for Paul Brown, having been one of those messenger guards, and he coached under Sid Gillman and Don Shula.

People say he is a student of game films and a good organizer. I would enjoy meeting a good coach someday who hates game films and can't find his hat.

DICK NOLAN, *The 49ers*:

In the late 1950s and early 1960s the face on the huge Camel billboard in Times Square, out of whose mouth issued smoke rings, was that of Dick Nolan, a defensive back for the Giants. For six years after that the quietest man on Tom Landry's Dallas staff was Dick Nolan. And for the past six years the only coach who has ever brought so much as a divisional championship to the 49ers is Dick Nolan.

"Landry taught me everything I know," Nolan has said.

If Landry taught Nolan how to keep a club from getting old, Nolan had better put that knowledge to use. And soon.

NICK SKORICH, *The Browns*:

He is one of those pro football fixtures. Once he line-coached the Steelers and the Packers. He head-coached the Eagles for a while. For seven years he assisted Blanton Collier with the Browns, and now he is only the third head coach the Browns have ever had, following Paul Brown and Collier.

With this kind of history it is not surprising that Skorich, the son of a Croatian coal miner, believes that football is a "physical game." He likes to run the Browns and make them "hit," even after the season begins, in practice.

After Skorich has worked the Browns down to the point of expiring in practice, he enjoys going home and sending to his vegetable garden.

DON CORYELL, *The Cardinals*:

I hated to see the name Stormy Bidwell leave the game. It sounded like a test pilot. But one result of Stormy's brother Bill buying out his share of the Cardinals was that Bill brought in one of those

good college coaches. In 12 years Don Coryell won 104 games at San Diego State, ordering so many passes thrown it looked like La Jolla was attracting smog.

Last season Coryell tried to do the same thing in his first year at St. Louis, with Jim Hart, an eighty-year veteran, as his quarterback. The Cardinals increased their yardage, but their record stayed the same: 4-9-1.

The Cardinals have always been goofy, unpredictable on defense, capable of getting hot on offense. Coryell's history indicates they'll stay the same, but he is said to have one of the good football minds, whatever that means. He'd better use it. Like any coach coming out of the colleges into the pros, it will take Coryell a while to learn the personnel in the league and how to trade.

LOU SABAN, *The Bills*:

The Garbage Man and a career head coach. He invites any waived player, cast-off or retired to try out for his teams. He has been the head man at Case Tech, Northwestern, Western Illinois, Boston, Buffalo, the University of Maryland, Denver and now at Buffalo again. If Owner Ralph Wilson can figure Saban out, he may be the only one who can. After he won the AFL title with Buffalo in 1964 on Cookie Gilchrist's running, he traded him. After he signed a multi-year contract to coach Maryland, he left after one. After he signed a 10-year contract at Denver, he left after five. Once he quit coaching to go into private business.

The only clue to his past is a statement: "I don't think winning is everything. There ought to be more to football than drawing circles and diagramming plays."

Says Wilson: "Lou doesn't think it's the same game it once was. Paying high salaries to rookies and dealing with lawyers and accountants have taken some of the fun out of the game. He thinks there are forces taking the game away from the coaches."

Saban was a Chinese language interpreter in the China-Burma theater during World War II. Maybe he ought to try Chinese on the lawyers and accountants. Meanwhile, he can just let O. J. Simpson run.

CHUCK FAIRBANKS, *The Patriots*:

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with a stunning record. Chuck was there with the Steve Owens, Jack Mildren and Greg Pruitts. And the Wishbone. In six years he won or tied for the Big Eight title three times, he had a Heisman Trophy winner (Owens), he finally beat Texas and he coached one of those Games of the Decade against Nebraska.

At New England last year his pro debut was, shall we say, a quiet one. The record was 5-9, but he has Jim Plunkert, and now he has traded for Jack Mildren, who, if he can make the squad as a defensive back, is capable of coming in and running the Wishbone again, just to see what would happen.

"It could never be a major part of your offense in the pros," says Chuck. "You'd have to have six quarterback backs, and a dozen running backs, and you'd have to find fast linemen rather than big ones."

JOHN RALSTON, *The Broncos*:

At Stanford, where he won consecutive Rose Bowls, John Ralston had a habit of turning his back and refusing to watch crucial plays—out of nerves. He also wore flared trousers and a crew cut. He smiles a lot, being a certified Dale Carnegie instructor, but works his players hard. So much for anomaly.

When he got to Denver and told the players, "We're going to win the Super Bowl one of these days, it's inevitable." Tackle Mike Current said, "At first, we thought he was a little corny."

The players still consider Ralston more of a cheerleader than a coach, but he must have something. Denver went 7-5-2 last year, the Broncos' first winning season ever, and Ralston keeps saying, "It's an obsession to win the Super Bowl, and it's going to happen."

DAN DEVINE, *The Packers*:

When Dan Devine went from the University of Missouri to Green Bay in 1971, he said, "Football is football, wherever it's played." So in his first pro game he got a broken leg when an opposition player was pushed into him on the sideline, he later got food poisoning, he once saw his team fumble twice in the end zone in six seconds; and the Packers went 4-8-2 that first year.

The second year he was the Dan Devine the Packers thought they hired. He brought the Pack back. They went 10-4. But last year they slipped again, 5-7-2, so the jury has reconvened.

At Missouri, Devine was known for tailoring his style to the material on hand. If nobody could run the power sweep, he played defense. In one season he won four games in which his team failed to score more than a touchdown.

He tried to do the same thing last year in Green Bay. He didn't have a player who could even qualify for the NFC throwing title, so he ran the ball, and not very well at that. The Packers were 25th in total offense.

The thing I remember best about Devine is that he hates perms. He stores his whistle in a container of alcohol between practices.

TOMMY PROTHRO, *The Chargers*:

When Alvin Ray Rovelie finally discovered dope earlier this year and made an example out of the Chargers, it led to a joke: the Chargers don't need a coach, they need a pharmacist. What they got instead was Tommy Prothro, a man of statistics and theories, and considerable coaching success, who says he has sent more marijuana around bridge tournaments than he has around football.

Bridge is just one hobby. He sits around drinking Cokes and figuring out that the team that gains the most yardage wins 66% of the time, and then he says, "You don't need to have the football to win games."

Tommy has coached a lot of winners, and a couple of Heisman guys, Terry Baker and Gary Beban, and he is a droll man who could best be remembered for the line, "I'm the oratorical equivalent of a blocked punt."

Not so. Few better football minds exist and, being personally wealthy, he has the time, nostalgia, whim, interest and intellect to do something fascinating with the poor Chargers.

He has never coached a dull or predictable team. Which, as somebody has pointed out, makes San Diego a perfect place for him.

HANK STRAM, *The Chiefs*:

When Lamar Hunt started the AFL in 1960 and then hired Hank Stram to coach his Dallas Texans, we all laughed. For 12 years Hank had been knocking around as a college assistant. But in these past 12 years all Hank has done is win. He's won the AFL and he's won the Super Bowl and he's come up with things like the moving pocket, the double tight

end, the camouflage slot, the triple stacked defense, and he says, with some proof, that his football is the football of the future.

"My offense always has the same face," he says. "We just try to put different makeup on it."

Over the years Hank has been blessed with good personnel, but it's one thing to have it and something else to make it work. Hank has made it work. And we all stopped laughing a long time ago.

BUD GRANT, *The Vikings*:

The story I like best about Bud Grant is the one that says a self-important NFL executive once asked him to please have his Vikings line up, helmets under their arms, at a specified time, for the national anthem on TV. Grant smiled slyly, as he does, and said fine and then he kept the Vikings in the locker room. Bud says it never happened, but I still like the story.

Bud Grant wins a lot of games and goes duck hunting. He doesn't believe he has contributed any innovations to football, unless he was the first to tell his defensive line to forget everything and just go in and hit people.

By merely looking at him there is no way to tell whether Grant's team is up by 40 points or if he's just received the news that he's incurably ill. On TV once Don Meredith's friend Harley Snydlapp said Bud Grant and Tom Landry had a personality contest and they both came in second.

SID GILLMAN, *The Oilers*:

In Houston people play games like name the original astronauts, or name all of the Oilers' head coaches. Sid Gillman, 62, who has been coaching forever, happens to be the eighth. In order, the others were Lou Rymkus, Pop Ivy, Wally Lemm, Sam Rugh, Bones Taylor, Ed Hughes and Bill Peterson.

Sid was one of those successful college coaches on the lower level, the guy who won at Miami of Ohio and Cincinnati. He had some good years with the Rams, but then he had some bad ones. Still, he was the Chargers' first coach, and he won. Remember those days? Jack Kemp and all that?

Sid had "retired" when Bud Adams made him the Oilers' GM before last season. And Bill Peterson's destiny was sealed. By late October, when Peterson's

continued

PRO FOOTBALL *continued*

Houston record, overall, was 1-18, Gillman took charge, a coach again.

There seems little he can do for the Oilers right away, except talk about Dan Pastorini. Well, he could always do what he did for the Chargers. I love the following list:

1. Hire a psychiatrist to teach players' wives how to be a good wife.
2. Hire an investment counselor for players.
3. Put a tax on fat people.
4. Serve the Chargers breakfast in bed on game day after a good week.
5. Get put on probation for issuing illegal drugs to the players.
6. Buy a house with a football-shaped swimming pool at La Costa.

NORM VAN BROCKLIN, *The Falcons*.

Whether he's a good coach or not doesn't matter. He's quotable. When his rookie quarterback back in the Minnesota days, Fran Tarkenton, came to the sideline with a bleeding nose, the Dutchman said, "Welcome to the NFL, kid." He has also said, "Around here, you've got to have it under the left nipple."

Van Brocklin had it and he doesn't understand players who don't. The Falcons were good last year, but they were upset twice in the stretch. Why?

"Because all the hookers and bartenders on Peach Street told them how good they were and they believed," he said.

The Dutchman is a walking generation gap, but colorful. He banished long hair for a while, still dictates dress codes and has outlawed certain establishments.

He has said, "If you want to wear bell-bottoms, join the Navy. If you want long hair, become a hippie. If you want to wear a headband, get a job as an Indian in a cowboy movie."

He has added, "This isn't some sport where you play 8,000 games and run out to second base and call time out because you've got a hangnail."

Last season was Van Brocklin's best. Atlanta was 9-5. And things look promising. But as Guard Andy Masner said—shortly before he was traded—"The Falcons have everything they need to win a championship. It's just a matter of the players ignoring Van Brocklin."

GEORGE ALLEN, *The Redskins*.

I have a friend who played for the Bears when Allen was the defensive coach and he loves George Allen. I have

a friend in Los Angeles who was a sportswriter when Allen coached the Rams and he hates George Allen. George Allen helped my friend, the football player, make more money. With my friend, the sportswriter, he broke appointments and spoke half-truths. I don't see how this makes George Allen different from most football coaches I have known.

We all know Allen works 18-hour days. We know he keeps books on game officials. We know he would trade *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* for *Spidey-Man* comics if it would help him win a game. We know he would pay a player a fortune for a touchdown. As Redskin President Edward Bennett Williams has said, "I gave Allen an unlimited budget and he exceeded it."

George Halas said of George Allen, "He's an opportunist, a liar, a schemer, a cheat. He'll use chicanery."

I still don't see how this makes him different from other coaches.

TOM LANDRY, *The Cowboys*.

It took Tom Landry seven years to produce a winner in Dallas, and not many owners other than Clint Murchison would have kept the same head coach around that long. Landry has been winning ever since, and he is now entrenched as one of the goliaths of the business. He is even beginning to receive credit for things he didn't do, such as inventing the umbrella defense, the multiple offense and Bob Hayes.

The Cowboys run a classy operation, and Landry has been a part of putting it together. They have lost some soul and personality since the Don Meredith days, and, if anything, they are a bit too sleek and computerized now, but then so is the city of Dallas itself.

Some of the players are getting old, and some feel alienated, but Tom Landry keeps punching out winners because the organization stays ahead of the game.

PAUL BROWN, *The Bengals*.

This will be Paul Brown's 40th football season and he has won over 300 games if you want to count Severn Prep, Massillon High, Ohio State, Great Lakes Naval Station, the Cleveland Browns and Cincinnati.

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*Consumer Reports, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977

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PRO FOOTBALL

2. The first to use notebooks and classroom techniques extensively.
 3. The first to set up a statistical film-clip study.
 4. The first to grade players.
 5. The first to insist that players stay in downtown hotels the night before a home game.
 6. The first to call plays from the sidelines.
 7. The first to design detailed pass patterns to explore the vulnerability of modern zones and rotations.
 8. The first to use intelligence tests as a clue to a player's potential.
 9. The man who invented the face-bar.
- I would also credit Paul Brown with introducing the stoic nature to coaching. He put football in the briefcase.

DON SHULA, *The Dolphins*

I carry Conka's suit best after the Dolphins won their second Super Bowl. "If we won," said Conka, "Shula promised us Wednesday off."

Like any good coach Don Shula does it all with hard work and decent athletes. His teams block and tackle and try not to make mistakes.

"That takes mental and physical preparation, and that's what we try to do," says Shula, who has reached the top of his profession and now faces the challenge of trying to stay there and prove it all over again.

Shula says, "I don't have any magic formula that I'm going to give the world as soon as I can write a book. I'm just a guy who rolls up his sleeves and goes to work."

It won't be much fun for Shula to go to work in Miami after this year if Conka, Paul Warfield and Jim Knack really leave. As Duffy Daugherty once said, "It's very hard luck for a coach not to have good football players."

To stand back for a second and take a broad look at all 26 NFL coaches, I get the following impressions:

They are all going to outwork each other, most of them are going to quote Paul Brown occasionally, very few are going to smile frequently, several are going to take credit for a new trend, two or three will be fired, and they will all agree that it's getting tougher and tougher to coach pumpered millionaires. Personally, I think it's getting hard for them to find good "receiver coaches."

END

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WELCOME TO THE 1,000-HOUR SEASON

Over saturation is not a new term to either football or broadcasters. From almost the moment the game first appeared on the screen some critics have said there is too much football on television. The volume of those warnings has increased in the past few years, even though sponsors continue to up their purchases of high-priced football programming. This season there will be more than 1,000 hours of football telecasts, at a cost to broadcasters of more than \$80 million for the rights fees alone. Numbers like these have brought some surprising new worries to the fore, among them National Football League Broadcasting Coordinator Bob Cochran. "I am more concerned about too much football on television this year than I've ever been before," he says.

If football has overexposed itself the warning signs may be clear long before Super Bowl IX rolls around next January. (One of the best things that could happen to TV pro football would be if that game resulted in some interesting numbers, such as a final score of XXVIII-XXVII.) It seems hardly a day ago the viewer, facing an overused blocking dummy, turned off the final All-Bowl contest of last season. And now he faces a far sterner viewing test. To cite one example from the gridiron telethon, 19 games, pro and college, will be beamed from Nov. 23 through Dec. 2.

"This year certain cities will have five games on five different days of the week for a large part of the fall," points out Chet Simmons, NBC-TV's vice-president of Sports Operations. "On Sundays the NFL is available on NBC and CBS; on Mondays ABC has the prime time NFL game; on Wednesdays some cities have a NFL game involving a local team; on Thursdays the national NFL game is on; and on Saturdays the college games are on ABC."

That's not all. There will be more college doubleheaders (four) than ever before, as well as 15 from the pros. One-hour replays of Notre Dame games will again be a weekly feature in more than 100 markets and five live Grambling College games will be aired in cities with large black populations, such as Los Angeles, Chicago, Detroit, Washington, D.C. and New York. When highlight shows and pre- and post-game programs are

added, some locales will be blitzed with 30 hours a week of football.

Is this too much? Since 1970 NFL ratings for both NBC and CBS have been slipping, although not drastically. NBC dropped 3½% from 1972 to 1973 and CBS fell 4½%. NCAA college football lost 9% of its audience over the same period. However, not all indicators are negative. Ratings for *Monday Night Football* on ABC climbed 4½% in the program's third year to an average of more than 14 million homes each week, making it the network's biggest moneymaker. A one-minute commercial on that game costs \$100,000.

ABC is football's biggest spender, putting up \$30 million for telecasting rights compared to CBS' \$23 million and NBC's \$21 million. This season ABC already has plugged a college game into its Monday night schedule—Notre Dame-Georgia Tech last week—and it will probably air at least one bowl game on a Monday night. ABC also will broadcast an extra pro game this year as a result of its new \$11.5 million contract with the NFL. The added starter will be between Dallas and Oakland on Saturday, Dec. 14. The network will face its toughest challenge on Jan. 20 when it will attempt to lure fans into watching the Pro Bowl, that outdated, semi-All Star game which has phony rules and fewer top players each year. ABC kicked in \$1.5 million for the half-contest, and it will be interesting to see what pressure the network can exert on the league to make the game a valid form of entertainment once more.

Last season's controversial anti-bleakout rule again will be responsible for putting more pro games on TV. Because of legislation requiring the televising of home games if the stadium is sold out 72 hours before kickoff, 114 games were shown locally around the country in 1973, compared to only one (the Super Bowl) the season



NFL'S BOB COCHRAN WORRIES ABOUT OVERSATURATION

before. As this season begins, a third of the NFL clubs have sold out their home schedules. In the 17 other cities, fans will have to play it a game—or, more precisely, a Thursday—at a time to find if they will see the home team on television. They are Baltimore, Buffalo, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Detroit, Houston, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Miami, New England, New Orleans, Oakland, San Diego, San Francisco, St. Louis and New York, for Giants' games only.

The most notable change in coverage this year will probably be in CBS where—thank goodness—the viewer is going to see very little of those mindless bands wandering around at halftime tooting *Age of Aquarius*. Following the lead of ABC's Monday night production which reruns important plays from the previous day's games at halftime, CBS will show taped highlights of contests still in progress. Jack Whitaker will handle that aspect of the telecast from a studio in New York.

On Monday nights, ABC has added two cameras—plus former Kansas City Chief Fred Williamson as a replacement for Don Meredith. Early reviews of Williamson's work—to give him the best of it—have been mixed. Which is also the best word to describe the emotions of TV experts in and out of football when they consider the sport's first 1,000-hour season.

END

Speed trap for an Angel

Radar verifies what the flinch factor tells wary batsmen: California's Nolan Ryan throws the fastest fastball ever timed. Speed: 100.8 mph

Science has confirmed what American League batters have long suspected: Nolan Ryan of the California Angels throws a baseball harder than anyone who ever has been put to the test. As Ryan mowed down the Chicago White Sox 3-1 last Saturday for his 18th win of the season, a team of electronics technicians from Rockwell International fidgeted upstairs in the press box with some complicated radar timing equipment. The results supported Ryan's own contention that he throws harder in the late innings, for his fastest pitch of the night was the third one he threw to the Sox' Bee Bee Richard, who led off the ninth inning. Rockwell timed that high

hard one at 100.8 mph, exceeding the 98.6 mph once recorded by Bob Feller with entirely different equipment. Under less official conditions Ryan had thrown even faster. During an 11-inning game on Aug. 20 in which Ryan fanned 19 Detroit Tigers, the technicians timed two of his pitches at 100.9 miles per hour.

The Ryan test was but one of several that have been conducted with assorted gadgetry over the years. Feller was timed with what the U.S. Army called a luminescent chronograph before a 1946 game with the Senators. Only 12 men have had their pitches clocked at better than 90 mph (among them: Don Drysdale, 95.3; Sandy Koufax, 93.2; Herb Score, 91.0), but some of the game's most celebrated fireballers—Walter Johnson, Lefty Grove, Smokey Joe Wood, Dizzy Dean, Dazzy Vance—were never exposed to such devices.

What matters anyway is not how hard Ryan throws but what throwing hard has done for him. He now has 315 strikeouts this season, an average of nearly 10 per nine innings. He is the only pitcher in history to strike out more than 300 batters in three consecutive seasons, and he is not far off his season record of 383, set last year. On Aug. 12 he tied a major league record by striking out 19 Red Sox in a nine-inning game. He also struck out 19 in two extra-inning games this season.

And now, of course, he is officially the hardest thrower in history.

What he throws, hitters around the league feel, is more projectile than baseball. "If he hits you with it," said the Oakland A's Reggie Jackson after facing Ryan earlier in the week, "you're dead."

Although Ryan experiences some difficulty with his control, he does not hit many batters, and so far he has not batted anyone. The Red Sox' Doug Griffin was skinned by a Ryan hummer in April and Griffin is alive today to tell the tale although, as a survivor, he is considered

something of a medical marvel by his conferees.

Artifacts damaged by Ryan pitches are treasured like war souvenirs. Angel Catcher Ellie Rodriguez wears a twisted medallion that a Ryan fastball blasted after a mix-up in signals. "I called for a curve and got a fast one right here," says Rodriguez, patting his chest and his lucky piece. And at the merest suggestion Umpire Jim Evans produces a face mask disfigured by a deflected Ryan pitch.

The scientific evidence now available will scarcely diminish the hyperbole that attends Ryan's pitching. Says the A's Bill North, "I'll tell you how hard Ryan throws. He threw me a ball inside once that was so fast it could have hit me and bounced off, which is unlikely, or it could have hit me, knocked me down and kept going, which probably is what it would have done if I hadn't gotten out of the way."

Ryan has so much confidence in his fastball that, like Dizzy Dean before him, he will announce its arrival in advance and then challenge the hitter to cope with it. Last week in Oakland, Jackson fidgeted impatiently in the batter's box as Ryan conferred on the mound with Rodriguez. When the catcher returned to his position, he had a message for Jackson.

"Nolan wants me to tell you he's gonna throw nothing but fastballs," Rodriguez advised the startled hitter. "He wants to see if you can hit one."

After several unrewarding swings, Jackson did hit one—on a line into the glove of the Angel leftfielder. Jackson felt he had emerged from the confrontation with a moral victory, for he had at least made solid contact, no considerable achievement when Ryan is in full possession of his "heat."

On a scale of values, what is uppermost in the minds of many batters is not so much to hit the Ryan fastball as to not be hit by it. Ryan feeds off this fear. "Nolan's wildness works to his advantage," says Angel Coach John Rosehorn, who in his playing years as a Dodger caught the revered Koufax. "The hitters don't really know where he's gonna be throwing the ball. You don't dig in against him unless you are an imbecile. Koufax had that kind of speed, but he also developed control. He lived on that outside corner. If Nolan learns to pick up the outside part of the plate and retain that fear factor, he'll be unbeatable."

RYAN THROWS 'HEAT' AGAINST THE A'S





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Ryan does not himself live in fear, as Walter Johnson allegedly did, of hitting a batter. "I put those things out of my mind," he says. "Griffin is the only batter I've seriously hurt. And the next time I faced him he got two hits off me."

Ryan is tall, slender, deceptively strong and certainly one of the handsomest men in sports—a natural-born hero. He is friendly and personable, but probably closer in temperament to the reclusive Koufax and the humble Johnson than to the roistering Dizzys and Dazzys of popular legend. Koufax was, in fact, a boyhood idol of Ryan's. "I lived in Alvin, Texas," Ryan says. "That's about 30 miles from Houston. In junior high and high school we kids would drive up there to see Koufax pitch. He was the king then. I liked him because he was a fast-ball pitcher and so was I. I could always throw farther and harder than the other kids. Speed always attracts. Fans want home runs out of hitters and strikeouts out of pitchers. Look who people talk about when they talk about pitchers—Koufax, Feller, Johnson."

And now, with good cause, they talk about Nolan Ryan, which is fine with him, for there were times during his four formative years with the New York Mets that he despaired of achieving even minor celebrity.

"I lost confidence in myself, even in my fastball," he admits. "The Mets were always fighting for a pennant. They couldn't afford to let me work out my control problems."

The trade that brought him to the Angels in late 1971 gave him the opportunity to work regularly on a team that could afford to take a chance on a pitcher with such faithless potential. The results could scarcely be more gratifying.

And yet, pitching more than 300 innings a season and throwing 150 pitches a game, Ryan does not envision a lengthy career.

"I don't look for longevity," he says. "I look for productivity. If I can escape injury, I should be a fastball pitcher for maybe another five years."

If he eases up a bit and reverts more to trickery he can last much longer, or so says that old Koufax teammate, Drysdale, now an Angel announcer.

But the argument is unlikely to prove persuasive. The fastball is not so much a Nolan Ryan weapon now as a way of life. Without it, he would not be Nolan Ryan. And no one wants that.

THE WEEK

June 23-July 5

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AL WEST GOOD NIGHT, DICK was the message flashed on the Oakland scoreboard while the A's were beating the Angels and former Oakland skipper, Dick Williams. "It's the most hush thing I've ever seen," said Dick Green of the A's. Other A's threatened to walk off the field if Owner Charlie Finley repeated the message. He did—a GOOD NIGHT, BILLY BOY aimed at Texas Manager Billy Martin. However, none of the A's left that game, which Jim Hunter won 3-0 for his 22nd victory. But Finley's communications may have ignited the opposition, for Williams and the Angels retaliated by defeating the A's 5-2 and the Rangers topped them 5-4 and 8-2.

While the A's split eight games, Texas, 6-2, leapfrogged into second place as Ferguson Jenkins became a 20-game winner for the seventh time, shutting out Cleveland 2-0 and Minnesota 1-0 for Nos. 20 and 21. In a 43-inning stretch he yielded three earned runs.

When Kansas City opened a 13-game home stand two weeks ago Manager Jack McKeon was optimistic. But things have gone awry: the Royals dropped 10 of their next 12 games and McKeon has had to stop chewing tobacco because of dental problems.

The White Sox' Whitur Wood also won No. 20, although he gave up 13 hits in defeating Kansas City 6-4, and Minnesota hit eight homers while winning four of seven.

OAK 20-40 TEX 74-87 KC 70-66
CIN 66-71 MINN 66-71 CAL 82-68

AL EAST The war at the top of the division was compounded of timely hits, dazzling pitching, a misunderstanding and an understanding. The Yankees' surge into the lead was partly attributable to a blasphe of a statement made last month by Reggie Jackson of the A's. Seems they thought he insinuated that the Yankees were losers who did not know how to win. What Jackson actually said was, "Before we won the World Series in 1972 we didn't know what it took to win, either." Said New York's Lou Pinella: "I'm not sure what he said, but it got us moving." The Yankees, 6-2, began with an 18-6 romp over Chicago and closed with a 1-0 win over Detroit.

Several weeks ago Orioles players met at the home of Outfielder Paul Blair and apparently came to an understanding that ironed out internal friction. More than anything, though, their 5-0 week and 10-game winning streak were built around superb pitching. Five shutouts in a row—two by Mike Cuellar and one each by Jim Palmer,

Dave McNally and Ross Grimsley—set a league record. And their 34 consecutive scoreless innings surpassed the old league mark by seven before Charlie Spikes of the Indians homered in the ninth against Grimsley. In their last seven games the Orioles yielded just 29 hits.

"Seems like we were seven games ahead less than an hour ago," said Tommy Harper of Boston, 1-7, which fell into a second-place tie with Baltimore, a game out of first. After the Sox' losing streak reached eight games Manager Darrell Johnson had music piped into the clubhouse, perhaps to lighten the funeral mood. The next day they beat the Brewers in 10 innings.

Milwaukee, 5-3, briefly revived its pennant hopes. Second baseman Pedro Garcia came through with a last-out, game-saving fielding play to thwart the Yankees 3-2 and Gorman Thomas, fresh up from the Pacific Coast League, where he hit 51 homers, drove in two runs to edge the Red Sox 4-3.

"We clutch up," was Manager Ken Aspromonte's bitter appraisal of his Indians, who lost six of eight. John Hiller of the Tigers led the league record for relief wins (16).

NY 74-84 BAL 72-85 BOS 72-83
CLEV 87-70 MIL 87-73 DET 84-78

NL EAST "Somebody is gonna scramble some eggs," said the Cardinals' Lou Brock of the continuing struggle for first place. But Pittsburgh maintained its 1½-game lead over St. Louis as both had sunny-side-up 6-0 records. Late-inning, game-winning hits by Brock and Jim Dwyer, three homers by Reggie Smith and two wins by Bob Gibson kept the Cardinals aloft. And Brock stole eight bases to reach 101, four short of a new record.

Pittsburgh's opponents were in a quandary: they needed runs, but when they got a few they awakened the Pirate offense, which scored many. Five times the Pirates came from behind to win. Willie Stargell batted .444 (his average since July 15 is .389), Al Oliver .379 and Richie Zisk had 10 RBIs. Even Pitcher Jim Rooker joined the barrage. "I don't want to sound like a pop-off, but all you hear around here is Kenty Brett," he said. "I think I can hit as well as him." After going 3 for 4, Rooker was hitting .329 for the year, 43 points higher than Brett.

No one was more disconsolate about the vigorous Pirate offense than the Phillies, losers of three straight in Pittsburgh. "They take the joy out of pitching," said Wayne Twitchell, who was tagged for seven runs in 4½ innings. Steve Carlton had a 3-1 lead over the Pirates, then had the ground crew work for 16 minutes fixing the mound to his liking—and lost 7-4. But joy in hitting continued for Philadelphia's Dave Cash, who batted .400 while the Phillies split eight games.

Rusty Staub of the Mets cooked the Braves

continued

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Introducing the Panasonic CQ-999. A *discrete* 4-channel tape player plus FM/AM/FM stereo radio for your car. In a unit that doesn't look added on (see photo).

The advantages of "discrete"

First a little background on 4-channel sound systems for cars.

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With the matrix system, live music is picked up on 2 channels, recorded on 2 channels, then split into 4 channels for playback. You get sound from 4 speakers. But the sound is a *mixture*. Some of the music meant for the front speakers comes from the rear speakers. And some of the music meant for the rear speakers comes from the front.



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- A "revver-upper." It makes our motor turn faster than the

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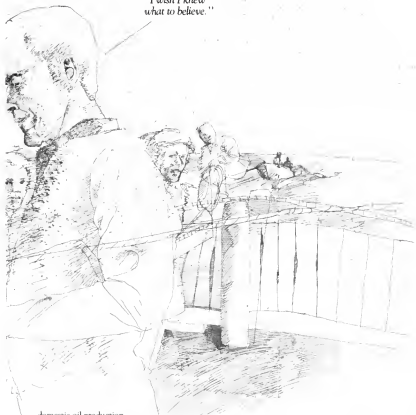
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what to believe."*



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BASEBALL continued

6-5 with a two-run single in the eighth, Tag McGraw pitched his first-ever shutout against them the next day and the New Yorkers sashayed into fourth place by sweeping three games from the Cubs. That ran the Mets' winning streak to seven before they lost twice to the Cardinals.

Montreal, 1-6, blew early leads in four games; the only time an Expo margin held up was when Mike Torrez beat Cincinnati 2-1. Chicago ended a five-game losing string when Roli Honham pitched an improbable 10-hit shutout against Philadelphia.

PITT 10-63 ST. L 14-65 PHIL 60-71
 NY 63-73 MONT 65-76 CHI 56-80

NL WEST It was a frenetic week for Cincinnati fans. The city council passed a resolution expressing "shock and dismay" at an "atrocious call" in which Joe Morgan was ruled out at the plate in a 4-3 loss to Houston. Then came the long-awaited meeting with the Dodgers at home, only to have Steve Garvey's three-run homer stand up for a 3-1 LA victory in the opener. Throttling the Red batters in that one were Don Sutton and the omnipresent Mike Marshall, who had his 20th save as the Dodgers moved $3\frac{1}{2}$ games in front. But in the second game the Reds overcame a 5-0 deficit, winning 7-3 on a two-run homer by Morgan. Moments earlier Morgan's bad ankle had buckled, but he would not leave the field. So the Reds, 4-3, gained a game on the Dodgers, who were 3-4.

For the second time in five seasons, Houston Manager Preston Gomez pinch-hit for a pitcher who had thrown eight innings of no-hit ball. In 1970, while with San Diego, he yanked Clay Kirby. And again it was to no avail: the pinch batter did not get a hit, the reliever gave up a ninth-inning hit, and the Astros lost 2-1 to the Reds. Don Wilson, the pitcher Gomez removed, had no quarrel with his manager's decision.

Barely two hours after arriving from Phoenix, John Montefusco of the Giants embarked on one of the most unusual of all major league debuts. He relieved in the first with none out, the bases full and the Dodgers ahead 3-0. Despite being hit by a batted ball, falling down on a fielding play and getting ankle cramps, Montefusco won 9-5. He pitched nine innings, gave up six hits, struck out seven. Montefusco, who did not bat all year because of the Pacific Coast League's DH rule, walked on four pitches his first time up and in his first official at bat slugged a two-run homer.

Atlanta's pennant hopes were all but ended by three shutout losses. San Diego, which had lost 10 straight and 34 of 42, finally beat Houston 8-4.

LA 63-62 CIN 64-66 STL 77-62
 HOUS 76-66 SF 64-76 SD 55-86

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High-low is the best road on defense

Mental fumbles do not appear in baseball box scores, nor are they registered on the crime sheet in bridge. Nonetheless, a moment's indecision at the table may convey a lot of information, which is folly if it helps your opponent and unethical if it helps your partner. All expert players therefore school themselves to adopt a deliberate pace, allowing an extra tick of time for each play, to avoid revealing more about their hands than is indicated by the card that is played to the trick. As in poker, the rule is: let the cards speak for themselves.

For instance, suppose you have made an opening lead of the king from ace-king in a long suit, and when dummy comes down you can account for all but three of the missing cards in that suit. After your partner and the declarer follow, the question arises as to which player has the remaining card. Regrettably, the answer is often all too ob-

vious when your partner ponders, even if briefly, which of his cards to play. To help work such things out while at the same time avoiding a breach of ethics, it is a good idea to agree that you will always play the higher card when holding exactly two, with only the doubleton queen as an exception. The automatic high-low principle was one of the many facets of this deal from a rubber bridge game.

West's preemptive four-heart opening forced South to bid diamonds at the five level—a shaky lumb—and East's ensuing penalty double might have collected a bundle against a slightly different hand.

The opening lead of the ace of hearts could have placed East in an awkward situation, but the standard of ethics in this game was as high as the standard of play. Playing the automatic high-low, East unhesitatingly produced the 4 of hearts, and after South followed with the 3-spot West judged from the bidding that his partner was more likely to hold the missing 2. Had West continued hearts, declarer would have had no trouble. The king of hearts would have provided an extra entry to dummy as well as a parking place for a spade, and after successfully finessing against the diamond king and drawing trumps, declarer could then have returned to dummy via the king of spades to lead up to his king of clubs and make his contract.

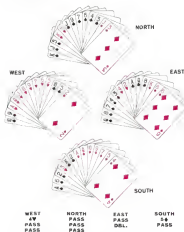
However, when West shifted to the 10 of spades at the second trick, South had to plan to do all of his work with only one entry to dummy. Take time out here and decide how you would have played to make the doubled game.

Declarer put up dummy's king of spades at trick two and cashed the king of hearts, discarding his low club! The seeming folly of unguarding the club king was essential to making the contract.

Dummy's jack of diamonds held the next trick, as East refused to cover, and a repeat finesse was followed by a parade of South's remaining diamonds. On the last diamond, declarer blanked dummy's jack of clubs, retaining the jack-5 of spades and forcing East to choose a losing discard from the queen-8 of spades or the ace-queen of clubs. If East sluffed a spade, declarer, who still held the ace-6, could cash two tricks in that suit, while if East discarded his queen of clubs, declarer could throw him in with the ace to force him to lead a spade away from his queen-8 and thus yield two spade tricks.

East realized that his only hope was that his partner held the king of clubs, so he discarded the ace. It was a good try, but South produced the missing king and cashed the ace of spades to make his game and win the rubber.

Both sides vulnerable
West dealer



Opening lead: ace of hearts



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Underway thisaway and thataway

The season began as Tennessee and UCLA played seasaw with the lead to end up in a 17-17 tie

The college football season can sneak up on you. One minute you are mowing the lawn, fixing the screen door, trying to quick-start the barbecue grill and enjoying all the other delights of summer. The next you are right out there amid the bedlam of cheerleaders, coaches, linebackers, scalpers, alumni and parking-lot picnickers. Last Saturday it was launch time again and in Knoxville, Tenn., 57,000 orange-jacketed fans showed up to check out Tennessee against UCLA.

The game illustrated one thing: about the only sure way to beat Tennessee is to put Condredge Holloway in the hospital. UCLA did that. But it failed to keep him there. Holloway charged out of the emergency room and back onto the field in time to twist his way through the UCLA defenders like a man skittering across ice floes, a performance he climaxed with a 12-yard run late in the game, landing on his head as he hurdled three men at the goal line. Thanks to the Holloway heroics, the Volunteers were able to tie the Bruins 17-17, a result that both teams agreed was unsatisfactory, but a lot better than a loss.

Like inflation, Tennessee never seems to have an off year. The Vols have won at least eight games, played in a bowl and been in the Top 20 every season since 1965. UCLA also was in the Top 20 last year, but when the Bruins came to Knoxville last week they had a new coach, Dick Vermeil, and the uncertainties such a change can cause. The inheritor of a program that had lost only five games in two



UCLA QUARTERBACK JOHN SCIARRA IS CLEARED FOR TAKEOFF ON HIS 71-YARD FLIGHT

years, Vermeil admitted he felt like a man on the face of a cliff—still a few feet from the top but a long way from the bottom.

Vermeil was made more jittery by the lack of experience in his offensive backfield. Quarterback Mark Harmon and Running Backs James McAlister and Kermit Johnson were gone. John Scarra, who shared time with Harmon in 1973, was back to call the signals, but Scarra had a new set of signals to call. Going along with the trend, Vermeil has installed the Veer, which now is as fashionable as hair sticking out the back of helmets.

Tennessee also had switched to the Veer, mostly to exploit the many talents of Holloway. And right off, the Tennessee quarterback showed what he could do. Before the fans had settled back in their seats, the Volunteers were on the scoreboard. After returning the kickoff Tennessee ran a routine dive play that gained four yards, then lined up without a huddle. Holloway dropped back and arched a long pass to sophomore Split End Stanley (The Steamer) Morgan, who nipped past the surprised Bruin secondary, pulled in the ball and scored. The play covered 74 yards and a year.

Tennessee Coach Bill Battle admitted later that the deception stemmed from a similar play Alabama pulled on the Volunteers last season, the Crimson Tide striking on an 80-yard touchdown pass on its first play from scrimmage. That led to a 42-21 Alabama victory, and Tennessee went on to lose three of its last six games. "The Alabama play hasn't been far from my mind since," said Battle.

Later in the period Tennessee was driving again when its transmission fell out. Holloway, the All-Southeastern Conference quarterback last year, was dropped hard after a short gain and suffered a shoulder injury that thrust sophomore Pat Ryan into the breach. Ryan had never played a varsity game.

Despite gaining very little yardage after Holloway was taken to University Hospital for shoulder X rays, Tennessee led 10-3 at halftime, holding UCLA to a field goal in the final six seconds after stopping three Bruin plunges inside the 10-yard line.

Tennessee held again early in the second half. Scarra, who amassed 390 yards of total offense during a fine afternoon, got loose on a 71-yard run to the two. Four times the Bruins rammed the Vols'

continued



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COLLEGE FOOTBALL *continued*

goal-line defense and each time came up with nothing. On the final try the stubborn Scarra was swarmed upon by seven Tennessee players at the goal line. But UCLA scored on the next play when the fidgety Ryan fumbled and Tackle Rick Kukulica recovered in the end zone for a touchdown that tied the game at 10-10. It was one of 13 fumbles the two teams suffered, each losing three.

Holloway, meanwhile, was hurrying back to the stadium, assured that his shoulder was not badly hurt. "It was a pretty slow ride going out," he said. "But after I found out I could play, I asked them to speed it up on the way back." Late in the third quarter, he walked up to the surprised Battle on the sidelines, tapped him on the shoulder and said, "I'm ready to play."

Holloway completed his first pass, but the drive stalled and Scarra took the Bruins 80 yards in 12 plays for a go-ahead touchdown, the score coming on a leaping grab in the end zone by Norm Andersen, who cut between three Tennessee defenders.

Now it was Holloway's turn again and in short order he had the game tied once more. Running or passing the ball on each of the final six plays, he led the Vols down the field to his own diving touchdown. "With my shoulder hurt, I wasn't about to try and run over anybody," he said.

But if Holloway could be the architect of comebacks, so could Scarra. The UCLA quarterback, in a race with the clock, quickly marched his team into Tennessee territory where, with 14 seconds left, Brett White tried a 40-yard field goal that would have meant victory. The kick was wide to the left and White clapped his hands in dismay as he watched it hook away. So ended the big opener at Knoxville, a rather upsetting tie.

Even more upset was the University of Houston, whose hopes for a banner year were shredded 30-9 by rebuilding Arizona State. "It was the most remarkable game since I've been here," said State Coach Frank Kush, who was kicking off his 17th season. "I was awed."

Giddy must have been the word for the Sun Devil Stadium crowd of 50,227 and the 1,000 additional fans who watched the game on closed-circuit television in a nearby gymnasium. Remarkably, an offense that has been gnawed to the bone by graduation losses picked up

Watch "The Wayne Newton Special" on NBC-TV, September 28

where it left off last year. And then some. Sophomore Halfback Freddie Williams broke loose for a 69-yard touchdown in the first quarter and capped a 73-yard second-period dash with a four-yard touchdown run.

The Cougars drove 72 yards for a score after the second-half kickoff but that only served to arouse the Arizona State defense to get it back. With interest. Late in the third period Cornerback Bo Warren intercepted a lateral and went 17 yards for a touchdown. Barely a minute later Sun Devil Linebacker Bob Breunig picked off Marshall Johnson's fumble at the Cougar 27 and rumbled on in.

Afterward Arizona State's defense was the toast of Tempe. "They won it for us," said Quarterback Ray Alexander obligingly. And Kush granted the defenders "90% of the credit."

North Carolina State, the best team in the Atlantic Coast Conference last fall, opened its season against Wake Forest, the worst. At halftime the Wolfpack was ahead by only 3-0 and State Coach Lou Holtz was fretting. "I knew I'd be run out of town by sunset if this kept up," he said. Fortunately for Holtz, it didn't. Quarterback Dave Buckley passed for two touchdowns and ran for one and N.C. State posted a 33-15 victory. Much of the problem, Holtz believes, was the ACC innovation of a sixth official. After being whistled for 115 yards in penalties—compared to Wake Forest's 30—Holtz complained, "He feels he's got to justify being there, so he calls everything. We will run the fans away with this."

In other important games Syracuse defeated Oregon State 23-15, Memphis State edged Louisville 16-10, Richmond nipped Villanova 14-13, Miami of Ohio trounced Eastern Michigan 39-0 and Tampa beat Chattanooga 28-0.

The Syracuse victory marked Frank Maloney's debut as coach. The former Michigan assistant called all the plays from the sideline and—à la Michigan's Bo Schembechler—only three of them were passes. But one, for nine yards, was good for the touchdown that evened the score at 7-7 and sent the Orange on its way. Maloney's favorite play was a hand-off to Ken Kinsey, who carried 38 times for 169 yards.

And the season even had its first—and last?—rainout. The threat of Hurricane Carmen forced the cancellation of the Tulane-Mississippi game in New Orleans. They will try again later. **END**



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ROLEX



Bobby doesn't make an effort to be a nice guy. He just *is* one." That is how a member of the Firestone Country Club in Akron, Ohio feels about his club pro, Bobby Nichols. And just about everybody who ever met Bobby Nichols agrees, including the other pros on the PGA tour, which is a good thing, because if he were not so likable he could be the cause of a serious case of the envious among his peers. Besides being rich, good looking and not in the least self-absorbed, Nichols hits his drives 300 yards when he wants to, sinks 25-foot putts when he has to and holds down the best club job in golf.

But when the game's elite—the winners of the Masters, U.S. Open, British Open and PGA—gather at Firestone's South Course for the World Series of Golf and a chance to win \$50,000 for 36 holes labor, Bobby Nichols, the host pro for the last six years, has been on the outside looking in, a wistful observer from a no-man's land, somewhere between touring pro and Firestone executive.

Nichols customarily devotes the week of the World Series to helping entertain his employer's hundreds of guests. He makes ceremonial appearances at cocktail parties for the press and delivers speeches of welcome at dinners for the sponsors of the NBC telecast. At the same time he supervises the operation of a sizable golfing business from an office just off the floor of his spacious well-stocked pro shop.

Last week, though, for the first time since he won the PGA in 1964, Nichols was back out on the course with the champions. In the midst of his best year since joining the tour in 1960 he had won the Canadian Open, and since Gary Player had won both the Masters and the British Open, the Canadian Open champion became the fourth member of the Series foursome. Instead of shaking hands in the grill room, Nichols was gripping irons on the practice tee and grinning at the hundreds of non-VIPs who wished him well wherever he went.

It would be pleasant to report that the nice guy from Firestone won. He didn't, but he didn't finish last either. That was left to U.S. Open winner Hale Irwin, who floundered around the 7,180-yard course in 76-72 = 148, eight overpar. Nichols, with 71-72 = 143, was third.

The rest of the field finished first, Player and Lee Trevino, those fierce competitors, put on a show the folks in Akron

Lesson for the home pro

The members were for him, but Bobby Nichols, who represents Firestone, was no match for Lee Trevino and Gary Player in the World Series

will not soon forget. They completed the regulation 36 holes tied at 139, played another five of sudden-death still even, and quit only when Jack Tuthill of the PGA decided that darkness had fallen for both players and TV. So they went at it again at 10 o'clock Monday morning, Trevino nailing down the win when Player bogeyed the—let's see—43rd hole.

Both Player and Trevino were moaning when they came to Firestone, a dangerous sign. Player was coming off what he himself called three weeks of terrible golf, a tie for 52nd at Hartford, a tie for 35th at Westchester and a missed cut at the TPD championship in Atlanta. Total winnings: \$1,666. Poor Gary.

Trevino, the PGA champion, arrived saying he was going to "take my \$5,000 and run." Five thousand is last-place money in the World Series and last was where Trevino had finished in two of his previous appearances. Poor Lee.

Then, with the ground work laid, the fight began. Player opened with a nifty 67 to take a three-stroke lead over Trevino, and by the 5th hole Sunday he had increased his margin to six. But within the space of the next nine holes Trevino picked up seven shots and with only four holes left had the lead. A Trevino bogey at the 16th put them even. On 17 Trevino sank a 12-footer for a birdie and Player answered it with a 10-footer of his own. Player was in trouble on 18 but a magnificent fairway bunker shot saved his par.

So it was back out to 14 and sudden-death. Trevino had to sink three ugly putts for pars, one of them following a remarkable recovery from a thorny hawberry bush. Player, too, had his escapes, including a final Sunday putt of four feet.

"I wish we could call it a tie and not come back tomorrow," Player said. Trevino agreed, but the next morning both of them were ready. Starting again on 14 both of them birdied, Trevino with a 30-foot putt, Player with a 10-footer. But Gary bunkered his tee shot at the par-3 15th and when he failed to get down in

two from there it was finally over.

While Firestone's members would have preferred a Nichols victory, they were not disheartened. "It's very hard for Bobby to play well here," said Dale Antram who, like all but 38 of the club's 1,600 members, is a Firestone employee. "There are too many distractions. When Bobby is concentrating well he won't even recognize his good friends. He gets in a fog, like the one he was in last year at Westchester." Nichols won the 1973 Westchester Classic, one of the three richest tournaments of the year, with an 18-foot eagle putt on the last hole that

continued



A TENSE moment of Nichols and Trevino talk no more than most pairs—except Lee does it all.

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GOLF

ted Bob Murphy, followed by a 25-foot birdie putt on the first hole of sudden death. In 1970 Nichols won the \$300,000 Dow Jones Classic in much the same way, with a 10-foot birdie putt on the 72nd hole that beat Jack Nicklaus out of the \$60,000 first-place money. In other words, Bobby Nichols is not a journeyman pro who is likely to faint if he should find himself leading the U.S. Open by a stroke with three holes to go.

"I'm not capable of being the best player in the world, but by maintaining a decent level of performance I've done what I want to do," said Nichols last week, looking back over his 1974 season. "The top players are more talented and more dedicated than I am. I could never maintain their pace."

At 38, an age when the winnings of most touring pros are beginning to tail off, Nichols' career earnings are moving rapidly upward toward the \$1 million mark. A large part of his recent success must be attributed to his unique position at Firestone. He is, among other things, a salaried employee of the advertising department of the Firestone Tire and Rubber Co. and is entitled to the same fringe benefits as any other of Firestone's 9,500 Akron employees. Firestone, which operates the 36-hole Country Club as a recreational facility for its Akron employees, charging them only \$18 a month dues and no initiation fee, considers Nichols its resident pro, but allows him to play as many tour events as he chooses and tailors its requests for his services as guest celebrity at sales conventions and the like to his schedule.

Yet like any full-time resident professional, Nichols runs and is entitled to the proceeds from the pro shop, golf carts, driving range, bag storage, everything—and at Firestone, with its huge membership and 15,000 guest rounds a season on the South Course alone, those proceeds are formidable. "I'd say we do very well," says Nichols. A friend guesses that between salary and pro shop Nichols makes around \$70,000 a year.

As if all this were not enough, Firestone has recently agreed to let Nichols live in Florida in the winter. Scotty Bruhaker, the Firestone vice president for advertising and public relations who hired Nichols says, "There's not much activity here in the winter anyway and there's no reason why Bobby can't fly out of Florida when we need him, just as well as from Akron."

Firestone's understanding in this matter resolved the last of Nichols' uncertainties. His wife Nancy and their three young children were unhappy and, according to Bobby, "climbing the walls when they couldn't get outside" during northeastern Ohio's long winter. "The move has been good for me too," he says. "If you live in the North and you don't play any tournaments for two or three months, you get sluggish. I would always gain 10 or 15 pounds. I need to play every day, and that's what I did all last winter."

There's something about Bobby Nichols that makes people want to help him out. When he was a high school golfer in Louisville, Ky., the son of a worker at the Ford Motor Co. plant there, he was involved in an automobile accident that left him unconscious for 13 days and in traction for 96 more. During that time someone persuaded Ben Hogan to write Nichols a letter of encouragement that was probably crucial to his determination to recover. Then later, with a Kentucky junior golf championship to his credit but no money available for college, someone at Louisville's Xavier High told Bear Bryant, then the coach at Texas A&M, about him and Bryant arranged for a full athletic scholarship to A&M, even though such scholarships were not given to golfers in those days.

After college, when Nichols was working as a roustabout and welder's helper in the oil fields near Midland, Texas, and becoming more convinced with each scorching day that he did not want to earn his living there, he was rescued by a group of men from the Midland Country Club. "Forty or 50 of them put up \$200 apiece to send me out on the tour," says Nichols, "more as a kind gesture than out of any expectation of getting their money back." Now, 14 years later, he is 12th on the alltime money list, with nearly \$360,000.

Last year Firestone made a film about its golf courses and during his narration Nichols described Arnold Palmer as "still an ordinary guy, even if he does fly over in a jet. He's still like a guy who carries his lunch pail to work." The quality that Nichols saw in Palmer is in part what Nichols is himself, and people seem to sense it in him and like him for it.

Lee Trevino won the World Series and \$50,000, but the pro from Firestone, who had thousands pulling for him even when he was five strokes down with four holes to play, was hardly a loser.

END

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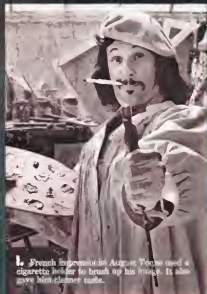
The pioneering Spirit of 76 lives at Union Oil



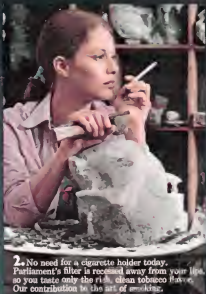
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Does anybody really suppose that austere Hoosier gentleman, Tony Hulman, is ready to step up to the microphone at Indianapolis next Memorial Day and say, "Lady and Gentlemen, start your engines"? Not likely—but not impossible, either. That thing on the Indy horizon, no larger than a woman's hand, is not just a wandering blot of California pollution. It is a woman's hand.

It is, in fact, the fine Italian hand of Signorina Lella Lombardi, a 31-year-old racing driver who grew up working in a salami factory in the little town of Fragarolo, which is near Alessandria, which is not far from Turin in Italy's Piedmont. In her first U.S. appearance, in the Formula 5000 California Grand Prix at Ontario Motor Speedway over Labor Day weekend, Lombardi made sausage out of some of the big names of U.S. and British motor sports—among them Indy winner Johnny Rutherford and Indy veteran Lloyd Ruby as well as James Hunt, Brett Lunger and Graham McRae.

To be fair, it should be said at once that Lella (pronounced Lay-la) didn't beat all these chargers to the finish line. On her 30th lap of the twisting, 2.9-mile road course laid out within Ontario's great scorched oval, the fuel pickup in her Eagle-Chevy ceased functioning and left Lella stranded and invisible in the "hazy sunshine" (Californian for strangling smog) shrouding the distant third turn. She was running sixth at that point, trailed by Rutherford among others, a position she had maintained for the previous five laps. Hardly anyone doubted she would have held it to the end, or even improved it, if her equipment had not failed. Despite the breakdown, her fast early going placed her 14th—not bad for a lone woman in a field that originally had numbered 47 men. But not good enough for Lella.

"I am disappointed, but I feel very positive about the race," she said a couple of hours later. "Of course, it is better to win." So said another Lombardi, but that conviction and the name seemed to be the only links between the granitic Vince and this peppy little (5'2") woman, a trim 120-pounder with a quick smile. "Seemed" is the operative word. The casual guy watchers admiring Lella after the race would have drowned in

Putting new curves on the corners

Mixing it up with the men, Lella figures there's vroom at the top

their martini if anyone had told them that this—well, sprite—had spent a good part of the afternoon pushing a 1,450-pound race car, its long nose resembling a hammerhead shark, at 113 mph some 135 miles through Ontario's 99° haze.

What Lella wants Lella may or may not get, but what she already has is gritty dedication and fortitude, which means no complaints or alibis. "I would very much like to race again in the United States," she said. One who would be quick to agree is Marty Friedman, a Los Angeles women's wear manufacturer and

racing buff, who understands the value of publicity and who sponsored Lella's car. On the rear of the Eagle was stenciled the legend: EQUAL OPPORTUNITY EMPLOYMENT.

Had Lella really expected to win at Ontario? "I did not come here to lose," she said. None of the racers, Lombardi included, were there for a jolly good time; the entire field was out to challenge Mario Andretti and Brian Redman who were tied for the Formula 5000 series lead with 50 points each.

When the news reached American drivers that a woman would compete against them at Ontario, a good many were annoyed. "I'd guess she'll finish dead last," said one of the latter, who now prefers to remain anonymous. There was less antagonism among British drivers, who were familiar with Lombardi's nine-year racing career in Europe. By Saturday, the official qualifying day for the California race, the outright chauvinists were sulking in their garages and the top drivers were, as they say in Sicily, showing respect.

In the Parnelli Jones garage, where mechanics were tuning his Viceroy Lola, Trieste-born Andretti, who had chatted with Lella in Italian, said, "It's kind of hard to figure her as just another race driver. What do you say when you're both going into a corner... 'After you, Lella'? But you have to give her credit. She is the first real woman professional ever to drive this type of car. From what I have seen she drives very well." Johnny Rutherford said, "I don't see that gender makes any difference. If she's brave enough to get out there, we ought to be brave enough to watch her."

Lella was neither put on nor put off by male comments, nor did she see herself as an emissary of Women's Lib. "I am just doing my thing," she said, or at least that's the way it came out in translation. "I have always raced against men. It is nothing new."

It also was not easy. Lombardi bought her own Monza 500 eight years ago when she was 23, and paid her own way, winning three events in that class in 1966. In 1967 Imec, an Italian women's underwear firm, offered her partial sponsorship. Even so, and despite many cash prizes, she worked in her father's salami



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MOTOR SPORTS *continued*

factory. Then this year ShellSPORT Luxembourg signed her to its European Formula 5000 team. In the interval she had won the Italian women's championship six times, and had done well in the F-Monza and F-850 classes, taking the championship of the former in 1969 and the latter in 1970. In 1972 she switched to Formula Ford, finishing the season in third place, and then moved on to the highly competitive Formula 3 races. Last year at Monte Carlo she was the only woman in the field of 86 F-3 entrants. She qualified with 21 men and drove to a 12th-place finish.

These successes persuaded Peter Fotherly of Britain's Allied Polymer Group to sponsor Lombardi in the British Grand Prix at Brands Hatch. She drove a 465-hp Brabham and her performance prompted Grand Prix notable Denis Hulme to comment, "I followed her for a while during practice and if you didn't know she was a girl you'd never have guessed it. She was really getting after it out there and although she didn't qualify it was because she'd had mechanical problems in the early sessions and had to try and get it together in the final practice on Friday. If I'd had to rely on my own final Friday session I'd have been out as well."

After the Ontario race—in which Brian Redman beat Andretti to the checkered flag by 25.611 seconds—Redman was asked about Lombardi. "I don't care if a monkey drives in this race, as long as he drives it O.K.," he said, in what probably was meant as a compliment.

Later still, Leila's agent, Wright Huggins, pondered her options. What about Indy? Huggins was uncertain, though he had said that Indy was the goal. "It kind of scares me," he said. "I think this girl can go all the way, and we want to make sure she has the chance."

Leila herself wasn't sure. She held a long colloquy with a friend in Italian, after which he said, "She isn't keen, at least not for next year. She's had less than a year in the big cars, and what we hear in Europe about Indy isn't very inviting—crashes, fire, sudden death. A lot will depend on what arrangements are made." Leila said something in Italian, then grinned. "Of course," he added, "she might change her mind."

So Tony Hulman may not have to revise his traditional starting declaration—in 1975, anyway. But don't bet against 1976.

END

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ON A DICEY CRUISE

The voyage promised to be rough, with high-rolling in the richest backgammon tournament ever, but a first-class gambol was assured

by **EDWIN SHRAKE**



Esmond Cooper-Key woke up early on a Tuesday morning in his London town house with the feeling, as he later said, that he was about to do something many people, not the least of them being his wife, might consider naughty, or even *mondo bizzarro*. But the hell with what they might think for the moment; he could either lie back and reflect about obstacles to what was becoming his plan or he could get up and carry on with it. Esmond opened his suitcase and threw in a tuxedo, a pair of sneakers and random garments that his eye fell across. He trotted out to the car, drove to the bank as it opened, wrote a check for cash and *continued*

headed for Heathrow Airport, where he caught a noon flight to New York.

About eight hours' worth of champagne later, at Kennedy Airport, Esmond Cooper-Key climbed into a taxicab and asked to be delivered to Pier 84 on the Hudson River side of Manhattan. There, beside the pier, gathering power of sorts from the broken boilers that had stranded her near Bermuda two weeks earlier, rose the astonishing bulk of the *Queen Elizabeth 2*. From keel to funnel, as high as a 13-story building. From bow to stern, longer than three football fields. Yes indeed, this was the place he was looking for. Esmond plunged through the ring of toy balloons at the end of the gangplank and hurried toward the First-Class cabin he had just booked for the QE 2's return voyage to France and England that very same evening.

Up on the Quarterdeck, in a room colored maroon and gold and tucked away behind one of the two First-Class restaurants, gaffers were setting up movie lights, cameramen from Paragon Films were tinkering with their machines and pretty girls were tugging into place a board that said DUNHILL INTERNATIONAL BACKGAMMON TOURNAMENT with spaces below for the names of 32 invited players and the results of the matches.

Esmond's name was not on the list of 32, but he had, after all, once reached the quarterfinal of a junior backgammon tournament at the Clermont Club in London, and he was a friend of some of the assorted *élégants*—an earl, a lord and what not—who had been included. Besides that, Esmond had bought his own ticket, which most people had not, for what was until then the richest backgammon tournament ever held. In all there was close to \$100,000 to be played for out in the open, not to mention the private betting in a game of which Prince Alexis Obolensky says, "You don't play backgammon just for fun—always for money, even if you are playing the game with your little daughter, it should always be for money."

Not that Esmond came on board to look at money. They did it all with checks, anyhow; one never saw stacks of cash moving across the tables as one often does in Las Vegas. Esmond merely had a notion that he ought to go have a bit of adventure and meanwhile indulge his fascination with backgammon at the world's first floating tournament. However, six nights later when Prince Obolensky, a father figure of the modern version of the game, arose to speak at the black-tie gala that ended the tournament,

it was a celebrating Esmond who walked past and said, "It's not necessary to hear from you, old chap," and dismissed Obolensky back to his table until part of the crowd began to applaud for the prince to return to his speech. By then so much had transpired that such a scene seemed not at all strange, and the next morning Esmond claimed not even to remember it.

"Waiter, actually my wife can't see a damned thing with you standing in front of the window, now can she?" said the old British gentleman.

As the QE 2 pulled out of New York Harbor during dinner hour the waiters found reasons to linger in front of the big windows, polishing away tiny specks with their napkins while the food cooled. The lights of New York are a rare and incredible sight. One of the headwaiters, a man not easily moved, could stand beside a table at a meal and recount tales of torture and mutilation he had witnessed during World War II in Kenya in the same stolid tone with which he discussed aircraft maintenance or snake handling. But the view of New York Harbor reached his soul. "It's a grand sight, sir," he said, "one of the grandest that exists, and I've seen most of them."

The lights of New York had barely vanished astern when the auction commenced in the maroon and gold room. An auction in backgammon is what is called a Calcutta pool at a golf tournament; players are sold and the purchaser wins if his player fares well. It is not uncommon for a player to buy himself at an auction by arranging for someone else to bid for him. He ordinarily buys back a piece of himself if he is bought by someone with whom he did not have an arrangement.

The auctioneer on the QE 2 was Charles Benson, 38, who describes himself as a constant gambler who spent four years at Eton studying racing charts. Benson is a racing correspondent for the *London Daily Express*, for which he tries to pick winners under the name Bendex. When Esmond Cooper-Key walked in, Benson was auctioning Philip Martyn (36, Lincoln College, Oxford, member of the 1964 British Olympic bobsled team). For a year and a half, Benson has lived with Martyn and Martyn's wife as what Philip calls "our permanent and very welcome guest."



In the final, Barclay Cooke, cool as his ice water, met bubbly Charles Benson.

"Philip Martyn is the world's first self-professed professional backgammon player," Benson was saying to a roomful of backgammon players.

Vast sections of America may be astounded to hear that there is such a thing as a professional backgammon player. But, in fact, there are a lot of them. Many with backgrounds in clubs like the Racquet in New York or the Clermont in London refer to themselves as gentlemen gamblers, amateurs who nevertheless play backgammon for very large amounts of money. Others go to backgammon tournaments the way professional golfers go to golf tournaments and hustle the sales of backgammon boards and books as golfers sell equipment. Gentlemen gamblers sometimes hustle a few books and lessons themselves, which makes the distinction between a gentleman gambler and a professional even more vague.

To those who still think of backgammon as that odd foreign-looking diagram on the back of a checkerboard, this may be hard to swallow, but backgammon in the Western world has broken out of the clubby atmosphere in which it flourished for a century as a smart, inbred game not meant for the public. (In the Middle East, they have been playing it in cafts for thousands of years.) People who might never be suspected of playing backgammon have taken it up—housewives in Fort Worth, Gestalt therapists in Santa Barbara, Calif., retired postmen in Hollywood, Fla. Backgammon is getting as hot as Mah-Jongg and Scrabble were in their day.

With all that action in tournament prizes, gambling, auction sales, backgammon schools, backgammon books and equipment, it was inevitable that agents would be drawn to the scene by the smell of money. Thus came Mark McCormack, agent for professional sporting figures like Arnold Palmer, Rod Laver, Larry Conka and Jackie Stewart. McCormack signed a contract that made Philip Martyn the world's first professional backgammon player with a manager. A number of people pick up a handsome, even a semiglamorous, living out of the game. As head of the World Backgammon Club and promoter of many tournaments since he staged a big one in the Bahamas 10 years ago (SI, May 4, 1964), Prince Obolensky, whose face looks like a granite outcrop, is an exam-



Member of Parliament Clement Freud; his goose was cooked more ways than one.

ple of one whose profession is, in fact, backgammon. But Philip Martyn is one of the few who admit backgammon is his livelihood, rather than passing it off as a game he happens to be so good at that he doesn't need to go to the office very often.

So as Benson was selling his London host, Martyn, at the auction, Esmond Cooper-Key wandered into the maroon and gold room and bid £1,100. Esmond's smile seemed a bit too bright when he realized his was the winning offer. Already that day Esmond had flown across the Atlantic to begin sailing directly back home, and now he had just paid the top price for a player in the tournament.

"Why did you do that, Esmond?" someone asked.

"I only heard what they were saying about his professionalism, and of course I do know something about Martyn," Esmond said. "But I don't know anything

really about whether he will win, do I? I mean, one doesn't follow backgammon players the way one might follow thoroughbreds. Actually, I thought the numbers would keep going up, and someone else would buy him. Well, there's no use crying, is there?"

Esmond sipped a glass of Moët and leaned on a railing that separated a gallery from the carpeted pit a few feet below, where the auction was in progress and the games would be played. "Some people are spending tremendous sums of money to promote backgammon, and I wonder why," mused Esmond. "I can't imagine the masses are clever enough to buy millions of boards, can you? I mean, backgammon is more of an in-here game than an out-there game, it seems to me."

From reading the invitation list of players, it was clear Richard Dunhill, the deputy chairman of Alfred Dunhill Ltd., intended his tournament to be an in-here

continued

affair. "Backgammon is a good promotion for our company because it has a certain snobbish appeal," Dunhill said. But Dunhill wanted to be certain the tournament was heard of out there. Hence free airplane tickets to New York and First-Class return passage to England on the QE 2 for members of the British press. Hence the invitation of celebrities to keep the press awake once the fascination with galloping checkers wore off. Singer-actress Diana Ross, who would have provided the tournament its only woman and only black in the same boat, turned down the trip, as did *Playboy* magazine Publisher Hugh Hefner, in whose heart of games backgammon has replaced Monopoly. British TV star Spike Milligan came along to chat up the press, but spent much of the time in his cabin writing a novel. "I always thought backgammon was a particular cut of bacon," Milligan confided at dinner on the night of the gala.

Liberal M.P. Clement Freud, who occupied a penthouse suite, was knocked out in the first round as a player but served as a narrator for the film and phoned in stories to the *Daily Express*. Bulge-eyed and bearded, Freud (grandson of Sigmund, of course) roamed about the ship scowling and looking perpetually startled, as if he were afraid he might have accidentally said aloud what he had just been thinking, and that was why people were behaving toward him in such a manner.

Richard Dunhill, though, was pleased with his lineup. "It's been wonderfully traumatic wondering if we would make it," he said. The idea for the floating tournament was conceived a year before when Patrick, Earl of Lichfield, cousin of the Queen, winner of Male Elegance and Best Dressed awards and a free-lance photographer to boot, phoned up and suggested it. "I rushed out and bought a book on backgammon and became terribly keen on it," Dunhill said.

By now Benson had come to the last players to be auctioned. "One of them is tall, handsome, witty and well-bred, and the other is Takis," he said.

Crash! Takis Theodoropoulos threw a champagne glass at the rostrum. Takis, 35, Greek, karate champion and former Davis Cup tennis player, is a gentleman journalist for the *National Review* and heavy gambler with a fortune somewhere behind him. He was bought for

£400 by his friend John Zographos (Greek, 45, called "Kang Zog," Cambridge, investments and real estate). Wait, a player had been overlooked. The Hon. Michael Pearson (29, Gordonston, the Household Cavalry, film producer, son of Lord Cowdray, whose family in this century controlled more than 1,500,000 acres in Mexico, with attending mineral rights and the country's only Atlantic-to-Pacific railroads) was sold for £500. Then Benson himself was peddled for £500, and most of the players retired to the ship's casino to get in shape for the next afternoon when half of them would be losers. The ship's casino was a very good place to get accustomed to losing.

In the game of backgammon each player has to move 15 disks around the board as determined by skill and by the roll of the dice, which obviously means it helps to be lucky. The first player to get all his disks off the board wins. A disk can be "hit" by an opponent if not protected, and must start all over again. A "doubling cube" is used to raise the stakes and test the nerve or sense of the players. If you are offered a double and feel the odds are too strongly against it, you can decline and forfeit the game and cut your losses, or you can accept and perhaps defeat the odds and win extra points. "A good player is one who knows when he has the advantage," said American Tim Holland. "A mediocre player is one who thinks he has it when he doesn't. The cornerstone to backgammon is anticipating future moves."

It is said that among players of equal skill luck is about 80% of the game. Supposedly the superior player will overcome the luck factor and beat his opponent if they play long enough. But a player who can count up to 24 (the sum of a roll of double sixes) and can keep his head clear enough to march his men in orderly fashion is liable to beat a master anytime by shaking hot dice. Holland, 43, who is not reluctant to acknowledge that he is tops at backgammon, estimated that five or six of the 32 players in the Dunhill tournament could be rated among the world's elite 50.

A few of the best players in the world play not at the Racquet or the Clermont, but at New York's Mayfair Hotel in a place called The Dump. They are known as Dumpings. Some of the Dumpings don't get their shoes shined, their sweat-

ers don't cover their bellies, they have social connections that reach into the wrong Queens and they are too shrewd to be allowed access to big games like the Dunhill tournament.

"You can't blame Dunhill for not inviting them," said Holland, who occasionally plays at The Dump but usually at the Regency in New York. "Dunhill has worked hard to build up the Beautiful People aspect of this promotion. Five Dumpings could come on board and take everybody's money. How would that look?"

Some say the best players are found at none of those places but in sleazy little clubs in Beirut. Obolensky learned to play the game in Turkey.

Jack Victor is an American, 59, educated at St. Paul's and Yale, former publisher of *San Francisco* magazine, grandson of the inventor of Jell-O. Though he has held the Victor Round Robin Private Backgammon Tournament at his home in La Jolla, Calif. since 1962, Victor says he is merely an amateur. He says one big problem with backgammon tournaments is keeping the hustlers out.

In the first round of the Dunhill tournament Victor beat Philip Martyn. Martyn had been twisting in agony in his seat at each throw of the dice, raising his eyebrows as if to ask heaven how things could be going so badly for one who deserved so much better. Victor was flushed and sweating, lighting cigarettes while previous ones still burned in the ashtray. Both men looked as if the game were as pleasant as sinking in quicksand. "A lot of top players go through pain when they play. They fight as if they think they can control the dice," said Claude Beer (American, 36, former squash champion, winner of the Clermont Club British backgammon championship in 1970 and the 1974 Las Vegas World Championship). "I always try hard, but it's not worth agonizing over."

At the final roll Martyn leaped up from the table and rushed out of the room like a Tex-Mex border-town tourist who just found out that wasn't chicken in his taco. In a minute or so Martyn was back to shake hands with Victor.

"It must be a terrible feeling for a pro like you to lose to an old California hacker like me," Victor said with a smile.

"Absolutely galling is what it is," replied Martyn. "Staggering."

continued



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In the back of the room Esmond Cooper-Key steadied himself against the subtle movement of the ship.

Martyn is a tall, lean, athletic-looking man with hair that has turned muddy gray. Besides being on an Olympic bobsled team, he played rugby at college and he drives fast cars. Martyn runs in a park for exercise with his friend Jackie Stewart, and he is married to Nina Rindt, 28, widow of racing driver Jochen Rindt. Talking about backgammon, Martyn describes some fierce primeval struggle that may not be immediately apparent to a casual observer.

"Backgammon is a sport, not a game," Martyn said after he had calmed down a bit from his loss to Victor. "It has contact, violence, one-to-one competition like boxing. Good players tend to stay in good physical shape. People used to think you had to stay up all night and drink and smoke to be a backgammon player. That's silly. One can think much more sharply when the body is fit."

"This is not an intellectual endeavor like bridge, where the players are usually ashen gray and cigarette stained, and

it's certainly not like chess. Backgammon is all out in the open, full of stingers, very aggressive. I went bonkers when I lost to a softer player like Victor. Backgammon has had the image of rich, bum sportsmen and very private clubs, and some of these sportsmen want to keep it their own private affair, but I want to see backgammon become widely popular. It's not hard to learn. I've got no flair for math. Even a beginner can play well if he doesn't let his ego defeat him. The doubling cube is what makes it so extraordinary."

Martyn foresees pro backgammon leagues with players dressed in sweat-shirts that say OMAR of MADRID, competing with each other on TV. The final of the Las Vegas tournament, in which Martyn lost to Claude Beer, was on closed-circuit TV at the Hilton with a commentary by Lewis DeYoung (London, 39, Oxford, noted amateur tennis player and international gambler). "The tension of an international match would be terrific," Martyn said, "and all there for the audience to see, millions of people watching and criticizing the moves."

While Martyn was talking, Esmond

Cooper-Key went to recoup his fortunes at the ship's casino. But he was distracted by his friend the Baron, who had put down quite a few doubloons at the bar and had decided to disrobe.

The Baron, it should be explained, is not actually a baron. He is a young London businessman who came on the voyage to be with some of his pals who were involved with the backgammon tournament. On a whim, he wrote on the booking form, in the space for titles, that he was a baron. As a result he was furnished with a dressing room, refrigerator and enormous stateroom at an extra charge, addressed as Baron by the staff and requested to dine in the smaller and more exclusive of the First-Class restaurants.

The Baron's real name will not be mentioned here for reasons to be made clear. For now it is enough to say that when the Baron felt the urge to undress in the casino, he even removed his eyeglasses. The Baron trotted around the casino naked a couple of times and then careened into the Tourist-Class disco. There is an assumption in First Class that people in Tourist Class are probably having more fun, the wine, and the disco in the QE 2 was crowded every night with *elegantini* looking for a serving wench to pinch or a plumber's apprentice to say hidy to. The Baron loped onto the dance floor and blinked at the laughter. Abruptly, he whirled and fled from the room.

When he was asked why he had chosen to put his clothes back on so suddenly after all the terrific trotting and loping, the Baron said, "It was really quite thrilling to be buffers in the casino, and it was a kick to arrive in the disco. But standing there nude on the dance floor without my glasses—couldn't see a bloody thing in that violet light—I began to feel a small touch of paranoia."

Masoch bizzarro, all right. By the second night out, when the captain's cocktail party was held in the First-Class nightclub, the ship was already steaming half a day behind schedule with its impaired boilers. "Right now, at this moment, I can hopefully say that I think we'll come out on top," the captain assured his cocktail guests. His leersness was asensible as the sign posted in First-Class cabin bathrooms that said: DO NOT STEP INTO SHOWER BEFORE TESTING WATER TEMPERATURE.

There already had been open snarling about the food. Not that it was in short

continued



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supply during the limited hours it was available, but a piece of fish, a filet of beef, a slice of veal, a Caesar salad, all seemed to taste pretty much like a piece of newspaper.

After having returned a few meals to the kitchen for further study, Clement Freud, who appears to examine everything placed before him as if it might be made of spiders, decided to investigate the source of this paper food. He went into the kitchen, lined up the staff and marched up and down peering around with his look of surprised disgruntlement. "These are the boilers back there, are they?" Freud asked the chef.

"No sir, those are the cooks."

"Ah, I have been under the impression that you did the cooking in the boilers."

Adding to the general feeling of oddness aboard the ship, it was soon discovered that one stateroom key would open many other staterooms; exactly how many is not known, but experimentation proved it true in dozens of cases, and a steward cheerfully admitted, "Saves us the trouble of different passkeys, and only old ladies lock their doors, anyway." Patrick, the Earl of Lichfield, is not an old lady in any sense; he even has a tattoo on his arm. But he rushed to the captain to demand protection for his photographic equipment. There is a story in *Dunhill* publicly releases that the Earl of Lichfield, "coordinator" of the tournament, is forbidden by his family to play backgammon because an ancestor had lost a fortune at the game. True or not, the earl certainly had no desire to lose his cameras. "Outrageous," is what he called the matter of the door keys. *Mondo bizzarro* is the way Esmond put it.

Charles Benson, the auctioneer, kept advancing in the backgammon tournament in the maroon and gold room, while better rated players like Tim Holland, Ted Bassett, Walter Cooke, Claude Beer, Philip Martyn, Joe Dawk, Gino Scalamandre, Porter Ijams, Lewis DeYoung, Michael Stoop and others fell out. In one match Benson needed to throw double sixes on the last roll to win, and he did it. Benson's puckery smile grew steadily. A friend described Benson as "the sort of fellow who owns two coats, three shirts, a necktie and a Ford, but when the rest of us are betting £2 on a race at the dog track, Benson will be betting £200."

Lewis DeYoung said, "Benson has tremendous courage. He's been whipped by every bookmaker in London, and he keeps coming back."

"Going to the track with Benson is a thrilling experience," said Takis Theodoropoulos. "If people find out he's the famous Bendix whose tips they've bet their life savings on, they'll try to kill him."

At last it was the final, and Benson was still in. His opponent was Barclay Cooke, who could hardly be more unlike Benson. Cooke, 61, an American, is from Yale, a gentleman gambler, coauthor of a backgammon book, winner of the Clermont Club British Championship in 1972 and co-holder, with his son Walter, of the World Cup Duplicate Backgammon Championship. "Barclay Cooke was the best player in the game until about 10 years ago," says his friend Porter Ijams. "Then a number of people went past him, but in the last two or three years Barclay has become the most improved player in the game."

Barclay Cooke does not drink or smoke. Benson, on the other hand, was furnished for the final with all the Moët champagne he could put away, and that turned out to be an amount that would have floored a goat. Where did this champagne come from? The donor was Esmond Cooper-Key, who had taken the waiters aside and told them to keep Benson's glass full no matter what the cost.

Esmond, it developed, is married to the sister of Benson's dear friend, Lady Charlotte Anne Curzon, a lovely blonde girl who was sitting at Benson's side during the final match. Why did Esmond do this with the champagne? Was he for Benson or against him? "I'm totally for him, old man," Esmond explained. "I don't own a piece of him, and it's costing me a bloody fortune the way he drinks. But I want Benson to win, and he plays best when he's loaded to the ears."

"Merry Christmas," Benson said to Cooke before the match. "Let's shake hands now. It's liable to turn ugly later." That morning Benson had left the Tourist-Class disco at 5 a.m., at the gentle urging of Lady Curzon and Victor Lowmes, a 46-year-old American who is managing director of the Clermont Club and of Playboy's European enterprises, of which the Clermont is one. "Look at Benson's eyes. He's in absolutely perfect

Richard

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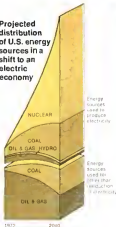
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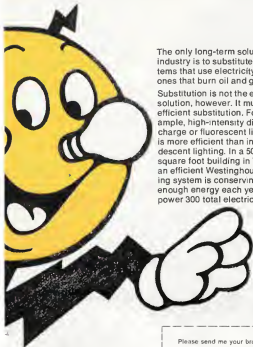
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CRUISE

shape for the match," Esmond said as the two opponents faced each other across one of the \$1,000 leather boards that the Dunhill company had supplied for the tournament.

Whether a spectator cared much for backgammon or not, there was excitement in the Benson-Cooke match—two greatly different personalities opposing each other in the glare of movie lights, with the audience crowded close around and the waiters pushing to get through with trays of champagne. Benson started poorly but recovered to tie the 20-point match at 27-all. Cooke won the next point, and Benson tied the match again. The last point developed into a running game in which each player had his disks clear of his opponent's end of the board. The winner would be the one who threw the highest dice.

Benson looked at the board and took a thoughtful gulp of champagne. Cooke toasted him with a glass of ice water.

Benson spoke in a low voice to Cooke. He was asking if Cooke would care to split the prize money. That meant each would receive £7,500 instead of the £10,000 that was to go to the winner and the £5,000 to the runner-up. Cooke agreed. That done, Benson shook the dice cup and rolled double fours. Benson had won the tournament.

At the black-tie gala that night, wine was thrown about, large splashes of it landing on chests, laps and faces, and a great many speeches were made, including the one by Obolensky that was interrupted by Esmond Cooper-Key, champagne glass in hand. Later, Benson capered madly through the noisy Tourist disco with his shirt off, buying drinks as fast as they could be poured, howling and singing, unreservedly celebrating his victory.

"This was definitely not a triumph for clean living," Philip Martyn said, grinning as he watched his permanent guest crash through the dancers. "One drinks milk and is hard as nails. The other drinks champagne and is soft as butter, and wins."

In another room Barclay Cooke stood quietly in a corner, reviewing the match in his mind. "I wanted to win," he said. "It wasn't the money, though that was pretty nice. I just wanted to win. My son, Walter, thinks I played the six-four move wrong. I don't think so. What do you think?"

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CHITSE

Some people said they thought he was wrong. Some said they thought he was right. Benson hardly seemed to care.

Under its previous owner, the celebrated London gambler John Aspinall, the Clermont Club on Berkeley Square was an 18th-century Palladian mansion where one could gamble for very high stakes and might also be invited to parties that included entertainment by lions, tigers and midgets. Now the Clermont is a Playboy property renting out its basement to an outstandingly snooty private disco called Annabel's. Upstairs from Annabel's the gambling continues with roulette and craps and chemin de fer, and there is a good restaurant, but the preoccupation of most of the Clermont clientele appears to be backgammon.

In fact, only a few hours after the QE 2 docked at Southampton a full day late, the Dunhill tournament was no longer the richest backgammon tournament ever held. The Clermont tournament, with Charles Benson acting as auctioneer, quickly surpassed the Dunhill. With the players' pool and auction pool, the prize money rose to more than \$50,000.

"This is just the tip of the iceberg," said Tim Holland. "It's like golf a few years ago. Soon we'll have regular \$150,000 tournaments. Sponsors are signing up all the time. You can become a good player without spending a lifetime at it. That is an important point."

Holland was rated at 12 to 1 in the Clermont, in which there were 80 players, a number of them women. Benson was 22 to 1 and had spent part of his QE 2 winnings buying a piece of a play er named M. Baquiche (20 to 1).

A private backgammon game was already under way in which one of the Dunhill players would lose close to \$200,000 before the following night. "The biggest gambling games in the world are in London," said Lewis DeYoung, who came downstairs shaking his head over the beating he had just been watching. "London makes Las Vegas look like very small change. I've seen \$312,000 wagered on one spin at roulette in a club here, the man going from \$400,000 loser to \$150,000 winner in a few hours."

A little later a visitor walked out in front of the Clermont, where Rolls-Royces and Bentleys were double-parked and gleaming under the lamps. The visitor saw several banknotes fall onto the

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CRUISE continued

sidewalk and thought he saw who had dropped them. The visitor picked them up, but before he could call to the person he thought had lost the money, one of the best-known backgammon players in the world snatched the hills out of his hands and said, "Thank you, I'd hate to lose those."

"But you didn't lose them," the visitor said.

"Of course I did," said the backgammon player and entered a chauffeured Bentley with a bar in the back.

"Now you see what it takes to become an international shark," another well-known player told the bemused visitor.

At cocktails at the S W 1 area home of the Baron, people were betting on how many times a certain letter appeared on the back of a particular cigarette package. The Baron wasn't playing. The letter he was interested in was the one he had just received from an aunt, who had read in a London newspaper about the Baron's naked romp on the QE 2. The story had been radioed from the ship to a London columnist by an unidentified snitch who was among the Baron's crowd. "You are a spoiled rich kid with more money than brains," the letter from the aunt said. "You have given your family a right royal black eye. Your uncle has gone into a silence."

"All my mother said was she had looked at my body for quite a number of years, and couldn't understand why I would want to show it around," the Baron said.

Later, back again at the Clermont, one could see across the room the backsides of many people pressing in to watch the final of the tournament. "I would like to see what they are doing," said Esmond Cooper-Key, "but I would rather need to be a giraffe, wouldn't I?"

"With a grasp of the game," the Baron said.

Charles Benson joined the group at the table.

"Are you doing well, Charles?" asked Esmond.

"We'll know in a few minutes. You know I bought Baquiche at the auction," Benson said.

A sudden prattle burst from among the backsides.

"Baquiche has won," someone said, heading for the bar.

"Not too bad a week, all in all," said Benson.

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FASTER HOCKEY

Sir:

In SCOTTARD (Sept. 2) you describe the World Hockey Association plan to eliminate the center red line to speed up the game. Please note that in NCAA hockey there never has been a center red line, and any question as to its effect on the game has long since been answered.

The American Hockey Coaches Association has fought NHL pressure to use the red line in college in the belief that we have a better game.

RICHARD F. VAUGHAN
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Princeton, N.J.

Sir:

I think the new NHL rule permitting substitutions only on the fly is a good one. However, the face-shot rule is bad. It might cause more whistles and delays than it stops when players accidentally enter the face-off circle, or when opposing players continue to flop on the rebounds, thus causing a game of free shots. Also, in the heated struggle to clear the puck a fight might develop, which would waste more time.

The rule that makes it illegal for goalies to go to the bench without a substitute coming in may be unfortunate for goalies with legitimate equipment problems but is necessary because of the number of times goalies claim to have such problems.

As for the WHA suggestion of eliminating the center red line, I hope it doesn't catch on in the NHL. There probably would be conservative games by the dozen, with each team trying to keep the other from getting breakaways.

PATRICK KENNEDY

Landover Hills, Md.

Sir:

If the NHL changes its rules to permit substitutions only on the fly, what are the players supposed to do in televised games during those necessary evils, the commercial breaks—just stand around catching their breath?

Curiously, as pro hockey grows by leaps and bounds, the networks completely ignore the high caliber of the college game, particularly the NCAA championships. Since the semifinals and finals of the NCAA tournament have produced some of the most exciting contests in recent years (e.g., Wisconsin-Cornell in 1973 and Minnesota-Boston University in 1974), I have to wonder why the networks do not televise them.

ERIC E. JAKEL

Bethesda, Md.

Sir:

If the NHL really wants to speed up the game, it might get the network to cut down on the number of commercials it allows. As more and more games are televised, more and more fans wait, bored, while the sponsors have their say.

JAMES ROSENBERG

Princeton, N.J.

ATTENDANCE INCENTIVES

Sir:

"NFL exhibition seasons attendance was up in the stadiums because attendance was nearly perfect at camp" (FONTS AND RICHMOND, Sept. 2). This conclusion has been widely published, but I reject it in favor of another that I think more significant.

I believe NFL attendance went up because the owners stopped allowing tickets to be returned for refunds. Given no alternative, more season-ticket-holders attended the games.

The only way to prove which conclusion is correct would be for all preseason tickets to be an optional extra for all season-ticket-holders; two should live to see the day! Or the owners should adopt the one good WHF innovation they ignored—omit the provision as such and make all the games count.

RICHARD D. SACHS, D.D.S.

Miami

PRaisEWORTHY

Sir:

Now that Joe Rudi of the Oakland A's *LA Man Who'd Never Bore a Dog*, Sept. 21 has pretty well been disposed of as "the most stingy manager here," I think it is about time we start looking for a new unsung hero.

I was surprised that Ron Fennie did not even mention Ken Henderson of the Chicago White Sox, a superb ballplayer who has been outshone by such Sox stars as Dick Allen, Wilbur Wood and Bill Melton. Through games of Aug. 30, Henderson was batting .291, had 80 RBIs, 15 home runs and had scored 61 runs. In comparison, Rudi had a batting average of .293, 83 RBIs, 15 home runs and had scored 60 runs. Henderson's fielding and speed are also commendable.

TOM THORNTON

Flushing, Mich.

Sir:

I agree wholeheartedly that Joe Rudi and the others are unsung heroes. But where was Billy Williams of the Chicago Cubs? The fact that he wasn't even mentioned proves what an unsung hero he is.

L. M. HUBER

Indianapolis

continued

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SI/18

WORTH LISTENING TO

Sir:

I congratulate William Leggett on his article about the backup broadcasting team of Maury Wills and Jim Simpson (TV/Radio, Aug. 19). My own opinion is that NBC could promote Wills and Simpson to cover all of its nationally televised baseball games and do away with its present No. 1 team. Wills and Simpson make the games much more interesting and informative, and they don't try to predict the divisional races.

DAVID RICKY

Russellville, Ohio

Sir:

Well, now that Monday Night Football is returning for another season we can look forward to more of Howard Cosell's vitriolic platitudes, Frank Gifford's error-ridden play-by-play drivel, and a new member—Fred Williamson—whose chief contribution to the show consists of telling us when the linebackers are out of position. Big deal!

When will the networks learn that we would like to watch and enjoy the games without all of the unnecessary conversation. If they ever got up the nerve to poll the viewers, I have no doubt that Keith Jackson would be back to stay. That would be too good to be true.

ROBERT E. STEWART

Dayton

AAABA CHAMPS

Sir:

Regarding *Red-Hot Factory for the Pros* (Aug. 12), the Baltimore amateur baseball program is indeed productive. However, when it comes to factories, most people think of Detroit. The Adray Phototeam of the Detroit Adray League polished off New Orleans 6-1 to take the 30th annual All-American Amateur Baseball Association tournament in Johnstown, Pa. last month and record its fifth championship in 11 years.

Baltimore, which was eliminated just before the finals, has a .639 AAAABA percentage, good for fourth place in the all-time standings. Detroit's 744 easily outranks every other participating city.

Baltimore's star, Willie Aikens, may be a replica of John Mayberry, but why settle for second-best. Mayberry was in Detroit's program, as were Ted Sizemore, Bernie Carbo, Tom Walker, Frank Tanana, Willie Horton, Alex Johnson, Steve Garvey, Merv Rettenmund, Mike Marshall, Ted Simmons, Larry Jaster *et al.* Detroit manufactures more than automobiles.

MORRIS MCKRAWNICK

Detroit

QUESTION

Sir:

As a faithful follower of SE, I have read hundreds, nay, thousands, of articles on in-

continued

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10TH HOLE

dreadful athletes. One thing about all players like me: Is there some reason why all these college-educated, \$30,000-plus-per-year pro athletes cannot assume some sort of respectful posture while the national anthem is being played, or is respect for the flag a violation of their personal freedom, too?

J.A. RASHAM

Fort Walton Beach, Fla.

WRONG ANSWERS

Sir:

I was thoroughly disgusted with *SL* for having the irresponsible audacity to print such absurd ideas for correcting college football's current recruiting and revenue problems (SCHREIBER, Aug. 26).

I am amazed that the proposal of a California orthopedic surgeon and a California State College professor calling for a draft of high school players similar to the professional draft would even be mentioned in such a reputable magazine as *SL*.

There is no good way to recruit college players, but you cannot make me believe that an outstanding high school athlete could ever be paid enough money to perform in some out-of-the-way town where the Saturday night action is limited to dragging Main Street. Such a draft would make slaves of young men and deny them the vital opportunity of picking the educational institution of their choice.

And as for your New Jersey bill's suggestion that pro teams reimburse the colleges once they sign their players, I say nonsense. Just because the pros are too dumb to run their own league (as the players' strike proves), they should not be given the opportunity to run the college game, too.

The diehards say football is a character builder, but it is still only a game. And proposals such as these, if they should ever be adopted, would be a slap in the face to college football fans everywhere who desire to see the campus game remain as free as possible of all professional adaptations.

DAVID LEE GOWAN

Lawrence, Kans.

AVOIDING THE PITFALLS

Sir:

Your article *Women in Sport: A Progress Report* (July 29) was fascinating. I knew things were changing in the realm of women's sports, but I had no idea that big-time athletics for women were at hand. I'm not at all sure the idea pleases me.

I happen to be the recipient of a women's academic-athletic scholarship to the University of Chicago, where I'll be a freshman this year, so it may seem rather incongruous that I find some of these changes disturbing. But there is a big difference between my scholarship and those described in your article.

The University of Chicago places particular emphasis on amateurism in sports for

Continued

The Fat Old Men of Summer

It was a game between paunchy writers and flabby broadcasters—but among the spectators were the unbeatable Yankees of the glory days

It was back in the early 1960s, and I really wasn't that much of a kid anymore, but I still carried an autograph book in my hip pocket wherever I went. Ever since running into Rocky Marciano in the monkey house of Manhattan's Central Park Zoo I had made it a policy to be prepared, and it had paid off. Those jilly-studged pages carried such gilded names as Duke Sander, Roy Campanella, Gene Woodling and Gus Triandos. I got them by hanging around wherever players were likely to be found.

This chase for names once took me all the way to Bear Mountain. Each August the Yankees journeyed 40 miles up the Hudson to lend glamour to a game between sportswriters and broadcasters. No admission was charged. Who would pay to watch a bunch of mostly fat, mostly old men drop pop-ups, fall down and twist their ankles, forget to touch bases and bat out of turn? It was just a fun thing for the participants and for the 10,000 or so camp followers who came up from the Bronx.

But the Yankees were there. Though they didn't take part in the game they were, after all, the Yankees, the top-of-the-world Yankees—of Howard, Berra, Ford, Maris, Mantle and Skowron—brezzing their way to their umpteenth pennant in the last umpteens years. No matter where they went kids stuck to them like barnacles. As for me, like most disillusioned Giant fans I had been drowning my sorrows in the Yankees since 1958, though they weren't my sort of team. They were too polished, too professional, too sure of themselves, but, what the heck, I finally decided, we were all each other had left. And on this occasion, at close range, batless and in pull-overs, they looked like the winners they were. Which is more than I could say for the writers and broadcasters.

I was standing behind first base, maybe 10 yards behind it, when the writers took the field. "That's my hubby," said a bulgy woman, as an even bulgier man

waddled to third base. He wore green shorts, a scrappier's visor and a pained expression. "He's with the *Journal-American*," she announced proudly. The rest of the team was no bargain, either. Still, when the ball—a big, chunky softball—was being whipped around the infield, it suddenly became evident that, while no Bob Fellers were out there, somebody could get a few teeth knocked out at close range. I realized, as did the spectators near me, that we were in a bad spot. One slip by the writers' first baseman, not apt to be a Vic Power with the glove, and the ball would connect with somebody's skull.

The first baseman was Dick Young of the *Daily News*: steel-gray hair, Zeke Bonura nose and, unlike most sportswriters, swarthy skin into which a good tan had been burnt. Young seemed to be enjoying himself, putting zip on the ball as he threw it, and he could pick up grounders. We in the line of fire waved confident that our lives would be spared. Our trust was misplaced.

The broadcasters' first butter grounded out, the throw thudding safely into Young's floppy mitt, but with the second batter it happened. A rifle-arm sling from third glanced off Young's glove and headed straight for us. The ball hit a woman's wickerwork handbag and careened into a tender part of my anatomy.

"Lordy," I thought, "I've been ruptured by Dick Young."

I soon realized the injury was not so horrible as it seemed, as the deflection had taken a lot of steam out of the throw. I also realized that everybody was looking in my direction—there at my feet was the ball, without which the game could not continue. I picked it up and lobbed it back to Young, who had walked over to the crowd to see if anyone had been killed. It was a triumphant moment. I felt like Tony Tan doing the two-step down Piccadilly on Christmas morning. Not only had personal tragedy been narrowly averted, I had come into close prox-

imity with one of my boyhood idols.

Nothing much was doing in the outfield, since nobody had the strength to hit a fly ball, so I went there to get a few names (that's what we called autographs) from the lordly Yankees who were watching the game from that vantage, and settled on Ralph Houk—a young Ralph Houk who had not yet tasted defeat, and the way he looked that day, with the sun beaming off his head, his foot-long cigar smoldering, is the way I'll always think of him.

Would he sign my book? I pulled it from my pocket and thrust it at him, along with a Scripto pencil.

"Sure, after the game," he said. At that moment I learned a lot about Houk. Anyone who can take that kind of game seriously has to be made of different stuff than the rest of us.

Not everyone was playing it that straight, and I got Ralph Terry, Duke Maas and Johnny Blanchard on the spot.

I worked my way out to right field. There stood the awesome figure of Mel Allen, without his wig. He was twice my height, three times my weight and I was scared of him. Scared not so much because he was big but because he was the personification of a legend. It was as if I had met the Green Hornet in the flesh. But my autograph book was filled! I handed him a crumpled envelope, not wanting to blow this chance.

"I'm sorry," I said. "It's all I've got."

"That's O.K., son," he replied, and signed his name with a flourish.

"Hey," a kid yelled out, "Wally Moses is in the men's room!" The pack of us sped there to corner the Yankees' hating coach. As we neared the men's room an old man passed by, wearing checkered shorts.

"That's him," somebody shouted. "That's Wally Moses. I recognize him from the yearbook."

By the time we got back outside, the game was reaching its climax. The score was tied 5-5 in the bottom of the sixth—and last—inning. The broadcasters had two on, with Mel Allen at bat. He took a pitch, fouled one off, stepped out, squeezed the bat, stepped back in and blasted a long drive up the alley in right center. Both runners scored, and the game was over. Mel circled the bases and trotted off with a Ruthian grin as the ball rolled north toward Albany with three fat copy editors in pursuit.

WILLIAM ROEDER

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18TH HOLE continued

both their men's and women's programs, an attitude that sets it aside from most other institutions of higher learning. What you have described as advances in women's athletics seem to be no more than giant strides toward the professionalism that pervades college athletic programs for men.

It's one thing to expect adequate funding for your program and quite another to say, "I'm a basketball player. Send me money." While right now that statement by one female athlete may be the exception, it's not inconceivable that such an attitude may become the rule if a big-time sports philosophy is to rule women's athletics in the near future.

In my mind there are two very distinct types of competitiveness: the will to do your best and the will to be the best. In fact, I believe that the difference between the two is the difference between amateurism and professionalism. Until an athlete is involved in sports to make a living, I can't help but feel that pressure to be a world or national champion should be minimal.

Those who really excel in sports constitute an elite group, certainly a small portion of those who actually participate. Therefore, it seems that the emphasis in finding ought to be to provide programs for everyone rather than a lavish program for a few. That, anyway, is the policy at the University of Chicago, and that, I feel, is the direction in which women's sports ought to be moving.

In any case, too large a step is better than no step at all, and anyone who has ever struggled for women's sports has to be pleased that at long last we are being recognized as athletes.

JEANNE DUBOIS

Litham, N.Y.

BY THE SKIN OF THEIR SUITS
Sir,

Thank you so much for that fantastic article on skinsuits (*Light, Tight and Right for Racing*, Aug. 12). I just recently got a Belgard suit and can hardly believe the difference it made for me in a state championship meet on Sunday, Aug. 18.

Two of my friends were the first on our team to get skinsuits, and when they told me that the suits were supposed to cut at least two seconds off their times, I just laughed. But at the next meet they wore the ones who laughed, because their times were incredible. After that, other girls on our team tried skinsuits, and my mom promised me one for Christmas.

Then came our championship meet. I was entered in the 15- to 17-year-old girls' 200-yard freestyle relay, but because a friend had broken her arm I also had to swim in the 100-yard freestyle and the 100-yard breaststroke. I swam the freestyle first in my regular workout with the water- and air-catching "skins." I tied my best time and placed sixth

continued

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19TH HOLE

Then my mom saw some Belgrad suits on sale and bought me one, though she made me promise I would do well. The suit psyched me up so much I beat my best time in the breaststroke by four seconds.

A couple of hours later I wrote it again in the relay. At the time my team, the Ossier River Otters, was battling for the lead with our archrival, Hanover. Hanover has beaten us in Division I for as long as I can remember, although the scores have always been very close. The outcome of this meet depended on the relay. All but one of us were wearing skit suits and we looked like real killers. When it was over and we had the 50-yard splits for each of us, I found I had beaten my best time by 6 seconds. Our team won the championship by five points over Hanover and is now the No. 1 swim team in the Granite State Swimming Association. From now on, I'm wearing my skit suit to all swim meets.

See P. 100

Durham, N.H.

SPORTING LEADES

Sir

That was an interesting article on held trials on Long Island 14 *Series of Trials and Tribulations*, Aug. 19). The laces of the "doggy bunch" shown on page 52 were wonderful, but unfortunately the names of some were omitted. One attractive young lady featured in the middle of the top row is Chris Lende, a member of the talented Lende family of Castleton-on-Hudson, N.Y. Her sister, Leith Lende, has been mentioned in *SL* on several earlier occasions for her victories in Alpine ski racing.

The Lende family exemplifies the fine qualities of sportsmanship *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* upholds. Their achievements and their grace in victory are matched by their grace in defeat.

The leader of this remarkable family, Dr. Richard Lende, chairman of neurosurgery at Albany Medical College, died this past year following complications from a sky accident in Colorado. Leith went on to win Alpine races in Europe and in the U.S. and is now a member of the U.S. ski team. Mrs. Danielle Lende and the other Lende children have pursued horsemanship, dance and field trials. While Dr. Lende did not achieve international recognition in sports, he was an outstanding neurosurgeon, photographer, writer, poet and ski-particler, in mention a few of his interests.

ROBERT B. CHODIN, M.D.
Head, Nuclear Medicine
Albany Medical College

Albany, N.Y.

Address editorial mail to: *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*,
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XOCHITL
Montezuma Margarita.

The flower symbolizes the last day of the Aztec week, representing the ultimate in true beauty and pleasure. The drink: 2 oz. Montezuma Tequila; ½ oz. Triple Sec; juice ½ lime; pinch of salt; stir in shaker over ice; rub rim of cocktail glass with lime peel and spin in salt; strain shaker into cocktail glass.

TEQUILA-PINEAPPLE LIQUEUR. The 3rd day of the Aztec week is symbolized by a house, representing hospitality and at-home entertaining. The drink: fill a jar half way with chunks of ripe pineapple; pour Montezuma Tequila to the brim; add 1 teaspoon sugar (optional); cap jar and place in refrigerator for 24 hours; drain off liquid and serve as an after-dinner liqueur.



*Montezuma® Tequila, gold of the Sun.
©1974. 80 Proof Tequila. Barton Brothers Import Co., New York, New York.

Horny Bull™ Cocktail. A horned animal symbolizes the 7th day of the Aztec week, representing high-spirited and casual fun. The drink: 1 oz. Montezuma Tequila over ice in unusual glassware, mason jar, jelly jar, beer mug etc.; fill with fresh orange juice or orange breakfast drink.



Tequila Fizz. The rain symbolizes the 19th day of the Aztec week, representing cool refreshment. The drink: 2 oz. Montezuma Tequila; juice ½ lime; ½ teaspoon sugar; two dashes orange biters; stir in a tall glass over ice; fill with club soda; garnish with lime shell.



Tequila Straight. Water symbolizes the 9th day of the Aztec week, representing simple and uncomplicated pleasure. The drink: Pour 1½ oz. of Montezuma Gold shot glass. Put salt on back of thumb; hold a wedge of lime between thumb and 1st finger; lick salt, drink Tequila, bite into lime in one flowing motion.



Montezuma Tequila. In White. In Gold. Made in the tradition of the finest ancient tequilas. For additional Tequila Arts recipes, write: Montezuma Tequila Arts, Barton Brands, 200 South Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60604. And may Tonotihu* smile upon you.

Montezuma TEQUILA

The All-American Receiver.

Over the years, Zenith color TV has earned a reputation for dependability and picture excellence no other color TV can match.

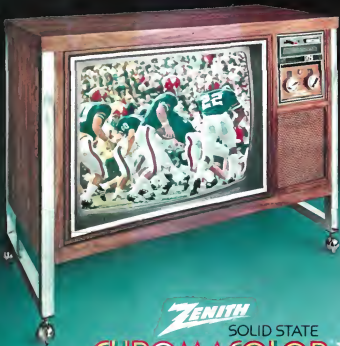
And today's Zenith solid-state Chromacolor II backs up that reputation with a combination of features no other color TV can offer.

The famous Chromacolor picture tube

that set a new standard of excellence in color TV. A patented Power Sentry voltage regulator that protects components. And a rugged, 100% solid-state modular chassis for long-life dependability.

It's the best way we know to make sure, at Zenith, the quality goes in before the name goes on.[®]

Model shown, F4752R, the Reynolds TV picture simulated.



ZENITH
SOLID STATE
CHROMACOLOR II

For the third straight year, a nationwide survey of independent TV service technicians has named Zenith, by more than 3,000 votes, the next best brand, as the color TV needing fewest repairs. The same survey rated Zenith as the highest-quality color TV, as the one with the best picture, and as the one service technicians would buy for themselves today. Survey details on request.